

keep him genial unless, as on the present occasion, circumstances tried him severely. At the lock he drew into the bank, and hailed the middle-aged man who still stood watching him.

"Hi! what are the weeds like above the lock?"

"Very bad, sir." The answer was given in a serious, respectful voice.

The young man swore gently to himself. "Is there any place near here where I could put up for the night?"

"There is only a public-house, sir. I am the landlord of it—my name is Hill. I could give you a bed-room; a little rough perhaps, but—"

"Good—a bed and some supper—capital! That is the only bit of luck I've had to-day." As he was speaking, the young man picked up a small knapsack which was lying in the stern of the boat and jumped out. He made the boat fast, and joined the landlord on the towing-path.

"It is this way. You will allow me to carry that for you, sir."

As they walked along, the brilliant young man—his name was Philip Vince—chatted freely. He was taking a holiday up the river, and was to have joined a friend at Nunnisham that night and then gone on with him the day after. He told the landlord all this, and also surmised that Hill was not a native of the fen country.

"No, sir," was the answer, "I was valet to Sir Charles Sulmont. You have perhaps heard of him."

Philip had never heard of him; but said that he had.

"When Sir Charles died, he left me a little money, and I married a maid who was then in Lady Sulmont's service. I bought this house, with a little assistance from her ladyship, and settled here. I was very young then, and I have been here eighteen years."

Philip gathered from further talk as they went along that Mrs. Hill was dead, and that she had left one child, Jeanne, a girl of seventeen, who lived with her father. When they reached the inn, Hill showed Philip a bedroom—a large, comfortable room, and began to make some apology about supper. They very rarely had anyone staying in the house, and there was nothing but—here Philip interrupted:

"You would be doing me a kindness if you would let me have supper with you and your daughter. I hate solitude. I mean, if your—if Miss Hill wouldn't object."

"If you really wish it, sir, I should be very pleased; so also, I am sure, would Jeanne." Hill was a born valet; he had the manner; if he had lived out of service for a hundred years, he would have been a valet still. When Hill left him, Philip looked round the room, and congratulated himself. Everything was very neat and clean. The landlord was a capital fellow—a little solemn, perhaps, but still a capital fellow. This was far above the accommodation which he had expected.

Just then a light footfall came up the stairs, and Philip caught a snatch of a French song. The song stopped short just before the footfall passed his door. Philip conjectured that this must be the daughter, and that it had been a French maid that Hill had married; hence the name Jeanne and that snatch of song. Also that the daughter had been warned of his arrival, and had gone to put on her prettiest dress. All of these conjectures were quite correct. And yet when Jeanne entered the sitting-room a few minutes afterwards and saw Philip for the first time, she was so startled that she showed it slightly. Philip was also a little surprised, for a different reason, and did not show it at all. He had thought of the possibility that Jeanne might be pretty; and she was a beauty—a brunette, childlike in many ways but with a woman's eyes. Her voice was good, and her first few words showed that she had had some education.

It took her about ten minutes to get from decided shyness to complete confidence. Philip was feeling far too good-tempered to let anyone be shy with him;

he made Hill and his daughter talk, and he talked freely himself. He liked the simplicity of everything about him; he had grown tired of formalities in London. He liked cold beef and salad, for he was very hungry, and—yes, above all, he liked Jeanne. What on earth were that face and that manner doing in a riverside inn? She was perfect; she did not apologise too much, did not get flurried, did not have red hands, spoke correctly, laughed charmingly—in a word, was bewitching. Really, he was glad that he had been prevented from going on to Nunnisham. Towards the end of supper, he discovered that she was wearing a white dress with forget-me-nots in it.

The table was cleared by a native servant, who seemed all red cheeks and new boots. Hill went off to superintend the business of the inn. Philip was left alone with Jeanne. She told him to smoke, and he was obedient; he also made her tell him other things.

Yes, she had been to school at Nunnisham—rather too good a school for her, she was afraid; but her mother had wished it. Her mother had taught her French and a little music. Music and drawing were the best things, she thought; but she liked some books. She owned that it was lonely, sometimes, at the inn. "I am glad you came," she confessed frankly.

"Jeanne," said Philip, "I heard you humming a line or two of 'Jadis' before supper, didn't I? I wish you would sing it to me." She agreed at once, crossing the room to a little cottage piano—rather a worn-out instrument, but still a piano. The melody—plaintive, gentle, childish—of Jeanne's sweet voice, and the sadness of the words, with their quaint, pensive refrain, did not miss their effect.

*"Je n'attends plus rien ici-bas;
Bonheur perdu ne revient pas,
Et mon cœur ne demande au ciel
Qu'un repos éternel."*

He thanked her; he had liked that very much. "Why," he added, "were you startled when you saw me?"

"Because you are a dream come true. I saw your face in a dream last night—as clearly as I see you now. All this time I have been feeling as if I had known you before."

"Really?" he said. He had not quite believed it. "How many things come true! One says things about the shortness of time or the certainty of death so often that they lose all meaning; then when one grows old or lies dying, the platitudes get to have terrible force—they come true."

She was struck by that; she kept her eyes fixed on his, and he went on talking to her. He did not, as the time wore on, always mean quite so much as he said; and she meant much more than she said. That is a common difference between a man and a woman on such occasions. It seemed to her that now for the first time she really lived.

After Jeanne had said good-night, Philip had some chat with her father about her.

"I expect that she will be engaged very soon, sir," he said; "a young man called Banks—William Banks—is anxious, and has spoken to me; and she likes him."

"Now, I wonder," thought Philip to himself as he went upstairs, "why she never even hinted that to me. M'yes, I see."

Next morning after breakfast he went away, taking with him a few forget-me-nots, a pleasant memory, and just the faintest possible feeling of remorse. They all faded.

Jeanne had seemed so quiet and depressed of late that her father, in order to cheer her up, had invited Mr. William Banks to spend the evening.

Mr. Banks was a small shopkeeper in Nunnisham, and considered to be no mean wag by those who knew him. Yet he felt unable to cheer her up. "Supposing we had a bit of a toon, Jenny," he suggested at last.

She was quite docile. She played one thing after another. Suddenly she began "Jadis."

"I don't understand French myself," Mr. Banks remarked, "but the words of a song don't matter." She had never thought much about the words herself before. But now?

"Depuis qu'il a trahi sa foi
Rien n'a plus de charme pour moi."

Her voice faltered a little, but she sang on to the end of the verse:

"Et mon cœur ne demande au ciel
Qu'un repos éternel."

Yes, the song had "come true." Just there she gave way, and began to cry a little.

A week afterwards Mr. Banks announced that his attentions to Miss Hill were at an end.

BARRY PAIN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"WATKIN v. THE PEOPLE OF LONDON."

SIR.—Your able article under this heading will, I trust, arouse Londoners from their present state of somnolent lethargy, and spur them into active hostility towards Sir Edward Watkin's hare-brained proposition. Much of that lethargy is doubtless due to the studied silence and intentional ignorance in which the public are being kept by that section of the press who are devoting their energies rather to furthering the promoters' schemes than to protecting the interests of the community.

Your leader, therefore, will do much good by throwing a little light on this objectionable project. But exhaustive as your arguments are, there is one matter not touched upon by you, sir—one of such vital importance to all classes of metropolitan rate-payers that I would fain draw your readers' attention to it. I refer to the prodigious and far-reaching displacement of population which must occur if Parliament sanctions the present ill-considered Bill, for this remarkable document coolly seeks, on behalf of the promoters, the power to acquire 105 acres of building land, to block-up or obliterate thirty-four streets and thoroughfares, and to demolish 1,200 houses, whose inhabitants amount to about 10,000 souls!

This, it must be admitted, is a tolerably heavy eviction order; but it takes no account of the thousands of navvies and other workmen who will be poured into the West End during the period the railway is under construction. The cumulative effect of this—together with the wholesale evictions just mentioned—will be enormously to increase overcrowding and raise weekly rents, not merely in Marylebone, but also in most other parts of the Metropolis. Sir Edward Watkin's scheme, therefore, hits very hard those philanthropic persons who have for years been fighting to obtain the reduction of London rents, and at the same time prevent overcrowding in working-class dwellings. These good people are now faced with the probability of finding all their efforts wasted, and the work of those years thrown away, as the construction of this huge station will certainly result in the raising of rents and rates; while the thrifty, industrious artisan would be driven further and further from his work, consequently curtailing the hours for rest and recreation. This is a most disheartening and distressing prospect.

But though 10,000 persons are to be evicted to make this terminus, a still larger number will be left behind, whose health must suffer from the presence in their midst of an immense goods dépôt—erected for the handling of coal, fish, and other unsavoury commodities—with all its attendant smoke, noise, dirt, stinks, and general insanitary conditions. As you truly say, it is "Watkin v. the People of London," for all will be more or less affected by this nuisance.

I notice you effectually dispel the popular belief that "railway travelling to the northern towns will be cheapened"; and in confirmation of your scepticism on this point I may mention that "running powers" have already been conceded by the Great Northern Company. These will be followed by "a working agreement" and probably a pooling arrangement soon after—which of course precludes the possibility of competition or reduction of fares.

One word in conclusion. There is a general belief, which you, sir, evidently share, that Sir Edward is invincible and must ultimately bear down all opposition. To such a suggestion I must respectfully demur, as I think if we look back we shall find his failures more notable and conspicuous than his successes. Some years ago his hysterical efforts to force a railway across or under Hyde Park were foiled completely, and the proposition last year to run a line under Kensington Gardens collapsed ignominiously—in consequence of a meeting held at Lowther Lodge; while the annual introduction of the chimerical Channel Tunnel Bill is a standing confession of failure.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

January 26th.

A RADICAL RATEPAYER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, January 29th, 1892.

IT is now a little more than eleven years since "The Tragic Comedians" first appeared as a serial in the *Fortnightly Review*. Being issued forthwith in book form, it painfully reached a second edition, and then for ten years admirers of George Meredith were forced to hunt for it at bookstalls as they had hunted for a greater work of his—and, as some believe, his greatest—"Rhoda Fleming." Of late, indeed, it has looked as if the English people intended to render to this incomparable artist his due regard. At any rate, a great many of them have been talking and writing about his work, these three or four years. But Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. have only now taken heart and given us a third edition of "The Tragic Comedians."

This delay is not quite inexplicable. Many who admire, and admire intelligently, the rest of Mr. Meredith's books, from "The Shaving of Shagpat" to "One of Our Conquerors," have found this study of a true story something beyond their capacity to swallow. "Alvan," they know, is Ferdinand Lassalle, and "Clotilde von Rüdiger" is Helen von Dönniges—no shadows, but a man and a woman so exceedingly full of blood and life that the tragic issue of their loves diverted—it is probable enough—the fate of Europe. Bismarck, at least, is a witness of weight: and these are Bismarck's words, spoken in the Reichstag seventeen years after Lassalle's death—"He was one of the most intellectual and gifted men with whom I ever had intercourse, a man who was ambitious in high style, but who was by no means a republican: he had very decided national and monarchical sympathies, and the idea which he strove to realise was the German Empire, and therein we had a point of contact. Lassalle was extremely ambitious, and it was perhaps a matter of doubt to him whether the German Empire would close with the Hohenzollern dynasty or the Lassalle dynasty. . . ."

But though aware—if only from a glance at the title-page—that Mr. Meredith's tale is of these very real lovers, the critics will have it that Alvan and Clotilde are in the book but the thinnest of phantasms, "acrobats of the emotions," "abstractions of remote, dispiriting points in sexual philosophy." The love-passages, they complain, are intricate and obscure; one wanders about in a maze, and often with the slenderest thread of motive for guide. Odysseus, after thrice attempting to embrace his mother and thrice clasping thin air, could not speak more plaintively. Accustomed to find treasure for the digging in this author's work, they feel in this case as men might who had run about with spades, seeking for the foot of a rainbow. Lucy Desborough they know and can understand, and Dahlia Fleming, and Rose Jocelyn and Clara Middleton; these are of flesh and blood, fed on meat and drink and palpitating with life: but Clotilde von Rüdiger is something attenuated and fantastical.

And so it has come about that comparatively few people seemed eager for a new edition of "The Tragic Comedians." But now that it has come, Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. deserve our sincere thanks. For they have engaged Mr. Clement Shorter to preface it with a short account of Lassalle and his great love-affair; and Mr. Shorter has given us the story tersely and lucidly. In consequence, those who have quarrelled with the book, calling it wire-drawn, bewildering, fantastic, are left with no excuse for remaining ignorant that Mr. Meredith has hardly strayed a hand's breath from the facts, even in detail. That which they condemned as sentimentalism-gone-mad is really a plain

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matter of history: and they are left, somewhat absurdly, in the posture of the average Philistine who says, in presence of a work of art, "I know what I like." Apparently they did not know truth when they saw it: for their complaint came to this:—the book is too fantastical to suggest truth to us.

This is always a dangerous attitude for a critic: and in this case Mr. Meredith was good enough to warn them against it on the first page of his story. Nothing, surely, could be more to the point than this:—

"The word 'fantastical' is accentuated in our tongue in so scornful an utterance that the constant good service it does would make it seem an appointed instrument of reviewers of books of imaginative matter distasteful to those expository pens. Upon examination, claimants to the epithet will be found outside of books and of poets, Nature being one of the most prominent, if not the foremost. Wherever she can get to drink her fill of sunlight she pushes forth fantastically. As for that wandering ship of the drunken pilot, the mutinous crew and the angry captain, called Haman Nature, 'fantastical' fits it no less completely than a continental baby's skull-cap the stormy infant."

What then are the facts that contrive so vexatiously to be at once human and fantastical? Ferdinand Lassalle, by birth a Jew, handsome in person and intellectually one of the first men in Europe—orator, philosopher, socialist and leader of men—met in his thirty-ninth year, and on the eve of his political triumph, with Helen von Dönniges, a beautiful and intelligent girl of nineteen. They had heard much of each other; were said to resemble each other: and they fell in love at first sight. But Helen's parents belonged to the small aristocracy of Bavaria. They hated Lassalle not only as a Jew, but as a political enemy, a "shameless demagogue"; they were narrow-minded and underbred; and Helen herself was already betrothed to a young Wallachian nobleman, Yanko Racowitza by name—an amiable lad who loved her with a rare simplicity of heart. Here were obstacles enough. But there was no reason why a man of Lassalle's strenuousness should fail to surmount them.

That he did actually fail, and the manner of his failure, are melancholy proofs of the wisdom of Mr. Meredith's pet exhortation to lovers. Times and again he has warned man, amorously inclining, to be peremptory and positive. "Be wrong, be empty, be in every respect the woman's inferior," he says in effect, "but O, if you would win, be peremptory!" Lassalle was neither peremptory nor firm. At first he allowed the affair to be kept secret from Helen's parents. There is little doubt that from the first she timidly expected him to descend and carry her off. She would have been horribly frightened, but would also, likely enough, have enjoyed the sensation; indeed, in the end she came as near as a maid may to admitting this. She wrote, "You said to me yesterday: 'Say but a sensible and decided *Yes—et je me charge du reste.*' Good! I say *Yes—chargez-vous donc du reste?*'" But Lassalle insisted on a reputable courtship. Even when she came to him and begged him to carry her off, his answer was that he would only receive her from her father. And when he encountered the parents and was loaded with abuse by them, he behaved with admirable self-restraint and—allowed them to carry her off before his eyes. It was magnificent; but it killed the girl's love.

The end was that her father ill-treated her and forced her to write, at his dictation, a letter renouncing Lassalle. After much shilly-shallying Lassalle sent him a challenge. It was accepted, not by Herr von Dönniges himself, but by Yanko von Racowitza, the mild Wallachian lover. Lassalle was a superb shot, while Racowitza had never handled a pistol before in his life: yet, when they met, Racowitza wounded Lassalle to the death. The chance aim of a delicate boy cut short one of the most remarkable

careers of the century. Such are the freaks of history. Helen capped it by a still more astonishing freak of the human heart. To use Mr. Meredith's language, while for his devotees Lassalle still lay warm in the earth, she "passed comedy into tragic comedy" with the gift of her hand to the hand that had slain her lover. She married von Racowitza.

In this book, therefore, Mr. Meredith is writing History—with a capital letter—not divorced, as it is so carelessly divorced by "serious" writers, from that other history of the human heart. And really, when we come to think of it, the two ought to throw some light on each other. To call Alvan and Clotilde a pair of acrobats in sentimentality is beside the point. People *have been* acrobats in sentimentality, and have suffered for it, and have affected human affairs both by their sentimentality and their sufferings. And what people do and suffer must be the material of history and fiction. If an indulgent Providence had allowed us to shape Lassalle's end, no doubt we could have done it much more obviously and simply; but since he prevented us and chose to come to grief for abstruse and subtle reasons, it seems best to be content that his story has been dealt with by the subtlest of living writers.

Still, when a writer undertakes to tell a story, he undertakes to tell it for the comprehension of his fellow-men: and most men are a little dull. Has Mr. Meredith succeeded? The *crux* was, to keep the reader convinced that Lassalle was a strong and dominant man, and to do so while exhibiting his weakness in allowing Helen to be carried off before his eyes. His habit of strength and his particular weakness must be simultaneously evident. Why did Lassalle temporise and lose his game? Surely Mr. Meredith gets at the kernel of the truth in the following passage:—

"He who had many times defied the world in hot rebellion, had become, through his desire to cherish a respectable passion, if not exactly slavish to it, subservient, as we see royal personages, that are happy to be on bowing terms with the multitude, bowing lower. Lower, of course, the multitude must bow, to inspire an august serenity: but the nod they exchange for it is not an independent one. Ceasing to be a social rebel, he conceived himself a recognised dignitary, and he passed under the bondage of that position."

He died on the 31st of August, 1864. A few months earlier he had traversed the Rhenish provinces like a king:

"It was roses, roses, all the way
With myrtle mixed in his path like mad. . ."

Crowds met him at the stations: the streets were decorated with wreaths and triumphal arches, and flowers were tossed upon him as he passed. "I have never seen anything like it," he wrote; "the entire population indulged in indescribable jubilation. The impression made upon me was that such scenes must have attended the founding of new religions." Such triumphs have their revenge, and responsibility is the name of it. Fresh from them a man finds that the world has suddenly grown big—too big and heavy to be kicked as a football in that spirit of gay adventure which is the specific for winning a woman against odds.

Helen's conduct after Lassalle's death is more perplexing: but may be understood by a careful reperusal of Mr. Meredith's first chapter. Though not by any means his best known, it is one of his most important contributions to the better knowledge of women—the knowledge which he has advanced more than any writer, living or dead. If any prophecy be safe, it is safe to assert that this will be George Meredith's first title to renown. He will be praised because he understood women. But before that renown comes to him in full, man—at present a "jury of householders empanelled to deliver verdicts upon women's ways"—will have to

be taught a few times more that complacency, though it may decorate, cannot justify a wrong position.

It remains to say that this edition has been revised by the author, and that Mr. Shorter's introduction is a bit of thoroughly good and helpful work.
A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

"DAVID GRIEVE."

DAVID GRIEVE. By the Author of "Robert Elsmere." Three Vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

MRS. WARD'S new book must satisfy every reader in one respect at least. It is no trivial sketch of contemporary life as it strikes the superficial observer that she has given us. Nor is it a sparkling shallow stream of narrative with ingenious plot and counter-plot, such as the average novel-reader loves. Of plot there is, indeed, enough—if not more than enough—in these three volumes; and even the average novel-reader, who reads for the story alone, can hardly turn from them unsatisfied. But the paramount impression which the book leaves upon the mind of the critic is its seriousness. Mrs. Ward has taken herself and her art seriously. She has deliberately chosen a wide canvas, and there is no inch of it upon which she has not wrought with patient care, with a steadfast determination to give the world nothing but her best. Conscientiousness of this kind is not so common nowadays that one can afford to despise or even to ignore it; and the critic, at all events, must honour work which is never vamped.

The next impression left by the book upon one's mind is the clear insight of the author into the inner and spiritual lives of her characters. There are character-sketches not a few in "David Grieve" of which Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot might well have been proud. But in no single case are the characters drawn from the clothes inwards. It is from the souls outwards that Mrs. Ward builds up the pictures of the fictitious personages of her story. And the result is an impression of reality—almost of bodily substance—which it should be the highest ambition of the novelist to create. We profess no competence to discuss the many spiritual problems upon which our author touches in this masterly and admirable book. But no one who knows life in any of its deeper and more satisfactory aspects can doubt the existence of those diverse and too often conflicting undercurrents of spiritual emotion and experience which so constantly affect the lives and fortunes of most men and women. The novelist, as a rule, passes them by, or, if he touches upon them at all, selects merely some special religious problem in order to show how it affects the career of some particular person. This was what Mrs. Ward herself did in "Robert Elsmere." In "David Grieve" she has been more eclectic, and has sought to bring home to us the inner, as well as the outer lives, not of one or two, but of many of her characters. The hyper-Calvinist with his creed based on the doctrine of everlasting punishment, the Unitarian with his tepid but far-reaching humanitarianism, the Ritualist with his serene faith in the Church and its ordinances, and the sceptic with his mind steeped in the writings of Voltaire, are but a few of the living souls with whom we meet in these pages, and with whose mental struggles we are compelled to sympathise. We do not know that "David Grieve" will excite the admiration of those who went into ecstasies over "Robert Elsmere"; but this we can affirm—that in masterly grasp of the various phases of spiritual thought and conflict in the England of to-day it stands alone in modern fiction, and must be confessed as what it is, a masterpiece.

The first volume, which deals with the childhood and youth of the hero and his sister, if it stood alone would compel admiration. We seem to see the characters of David and Louie growing and forming themselves before our eyes, and we recognise, as sometimes we are permitted to do in real life, the formative influences of heredity, temperament, and outward circumstance. We see how these influences act and react upon each other, and produce their natural—nay, their inevitable—results. Neither David nor Louie has a character which by the wildest exaggeration can be described as conventional. Indeed, the sister strikes one as being one of the most original figures in the whole gallery of fiction. As we look at them, born of the same stock, fruit of the same branch, we are filled with wonder, as we so often are in real life, at the fact that brother and sister should show so strange an unlikeness amid all that they have in common, and that their lives should shape themselves to such different ends. Very slowly do the rough virtues of the boy, hardly to be distinguished in their crude uncountness from positive vices, ripen into something mellow and noble. And if the girl develops, whilst she is within our gaze, more rapidly, we only see in the fact, alas! fresh proof of the truth that weeds will grow more quickly in congenial soil than honest fruit. But the whole of the scene in which the childhood of David and Louie is set seems to us of extraordinary fidelity and excellence. The mean and sordid aunt, with her avaricious instincts, her selfishness and cruelty; her husband, with his conscience slow to move but never quite at rest; the life on the farm, with its little cares and trivial incidents; the people of the neighbourhood, with their strong provincialism and not less pronounced individuality—all these are drawn for us with a graphic force which gives them an abiding reality in the mind. Some of the characters that figure in these early pages are of quite uncommon merit as works of art; so uncommon that we instinctively regard them as transcripts from the actual experiences of the writer. Take the crazy old schoolmaster, 'Lias, as an example. His reason has been disordered by a grievous mental shock, and he lives in a world of fancies of his own. Mrs. Ward has given us an admirable sketch of the old man in one of his moments of excitement, when he is wrestling in imagination with the historical characters whom he summons at his will from the dead past to hold converse with him. The scene is too long for transcription here, but no one who reads it is likely to forget it, or to mistake it for the easy effort of an ordinary novelist in search of the picturesque.

It is, however, in Manchester and Paris rather than on the Derbyshire hills that the drama of the lives of David Grieve and his sister is played out. In nothing, it seems to us, has Mrs. Ward been happier in this book than in the marked but not violent contrast which she presents to us between the busy prosaic English provincial town, steeped in business, and the brilliant French capital, where, so far as the characters of the tale are concerned, business is practically unknown, and an atmosphere of art and romanticism is breathed. Most truthfully has the author caught the spirit of these two antagonistic worlds. Mrs. Gaskell herself could not have drawn for us a more faithful picture of Manchester life than we find in these pages; whilst we doubt if any English writer has ever painted more accurately the tone of Bohemian Paris. We shall carefully abstain from telling the story of David Grieve. Our readers must go to the book itself for that. But there is no need to divulge the elaborate and carefully-wrought plot in order to do justice to the merits of the work.

Unquestionably its most striking episode is that which deals with the visit of David and his sister to Paris, and with their strange fortunes there. Indeed, if the section entitled "Storm and Stress" had been published by itself, it would have been recognised as a remarkable and powerful work of fiction; though probably few readers would have guessed that it

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came from the pen of the author of "Robert Elsmere." It is a passionate love story which is told in this section. No doubt it is startling in its unconventionalism, but it is no less convincing for that reason. David, who in Manchester had steadfastly resisted the advances of a narrow-minded little provincial beauty, the daughter of his employer, and who seemed to have hardened his heart against all female charms, succumbs in an instant to one of those fierce passions which are never more irresistible than when they enter into the soul of a strong man. A young artist, beautiful, witty, daring, with a supreme contempt for the conventions of society, wins, not so much his love, as the whole fierce ardour of his young heart, emptying it, as it were, in a moment of all its capabilities in the way of passion. How his brief courtship fares, and how the lovers, casting aside all social restraints, enjoy for a short spell a union as close and true as it is absorbing on both sides, and how it all ends, we learn in a series of chapters which strike us as exceeding in dramatic force anything that Mrs. Ward has written before. There is a dark pendant to the "free love" of the two who in their mutual passion have forgotten everything but themselves. This is the story of the fall of David's sister, who has accompanied him to Paris, and whose impatience of all control, and overmastering selfishness, lead her to fling herself into another *union libre* with a worthless artist whom she has encountered by chance. It is his sister's fate, rather than the termination of his own feverish dream of love, which forms the turning-point in David Grieve's career. He believes himself, not without reason, to be mainly responsible for her ruin, and for years afterwards is filled with a remorse which changes the purpose of his life. A spent and broken man, who has drunk to the dregs of the cup of pleasure, who has seen all his joys turned to dust and ashes, and who carries with him the burden of an undying self-reproach, David Grieve returns to Manchester, to pick up as best he can the dropped threads of his old life.

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It is impossible, however, to discuss these things here, even though it is from them that the book derives its importance as a brilliant exposition of the varied currents of thought and feeling in the religious world of to-day. For our part, if we were to attempt to sum up in a phrase the moral of a really great and noble work, we should say that it depicts for us with striking force and fidelity the two typical lives which men and women have been living in this world of ours ever since our race entered upon its long task—the life of self-seeking and the life of self-sacrifice. A nobler moral than that which brings home to us the superiority of the one life to the other, no man need wish to learn.

Our space forbids us to do more than refer in passing to some of the more striking features of Mrs. Ward's book. We have spoken of the sketches of Manchester and Paris life. Humour as well as truth pervade them, whilst the description of a country-house, and a country-house party, as they appear to a woman unaccustomed to the life of the upper classes, is remarkable for its vividness and acuteness. We had marked many another page in "David Grieve" for reference, but the book itself must be read in order that its great and varied qualities may be fairly appreciated, and happily there is no reason to suppose that Mrs. Ward's circle of readers to-day will be more limited than it was three years ago.

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John William Burgon was born in 1813, the son of a Turkey merchant, married to a Smyrniote lady, to whom, no doubt, his son owed much that was characteristic in his temperament. The failure of his father in business gave Burgon the opportunity of going to the University. He matriculated at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1841, and he wrote a prize poem on "Petra," two lines of which are still quoted—

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He took a second class in *Literæ Humaniores*, was elected Fellow of Oriel in 1846, was Vicar of St. Mary's from 1863 to 1876, and Dean of Chichester from 1876 till his death in 1888. For thirty years therefore he was an Oxford resident, and about this Oxford life of his a strange myth is growing up. Burgon's own letters give the idea, and Dr. Goulburn sedulously fosters it, that he was a leading spirit in the place. As a matter of fact, he was nothing of the kind. In the University he had no influence whatever, in his own college he was a mere cipher. He was neither professor nor reader, the provost of the day would never make him a tutor, he filled no college office, save that of censor theologicus, in virtue of which he revised such notes as the undergraduates could be driven to take of the University sermons. It is entirely misleading to describe him as a great teacher. He gave elementary lectures on the Greek Testament to a handful of undergraduates on Sunday evenings, but, probably, not one in twenty of the young men even of his own college knew him at all. He preached to a few score of townsmen and their wives at St. Mary's, and discharged the duties of a clergyman in a tiny parish with zeal and efficiency. But he stood entirely outside all University movements. He wrote, it is true, scores of pamphlets in connection with them, which carried no weight with anyone, but he formed no school and had no following. He frisked with children in the street, and corresponded enormously with pious women, but in the academical world he made no figure at all.

Possibly he came to Oxford too late in life—for he was twenty-eight when he matriculated—ever to be in harmony with his surroundings. But, truth to tell, his character unsuited him for a leading position

be taught a few times more that complacency, though it may decorate, cannot justify a wrong position.

It remains to say that this edition has been revised by the author, and that Mr. Shorter's introduction is a bit of thoroughly good and helpful work.
A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

"DAVID GRIEVE."

DAVID GRIEVE. By the Author of "Robert Elsmere." Three Vols.
London: Smith, Elder & Co.

MRS. WARD'S new book must satisfy every reader in one respect at least. It is no trivial sketch of contemporary life as it strikes the superficial observer that she has given us. Nor is it a sparkling shallow stream of narrative with ingenious plot and counter-plot, such as the average novel-reader loves. Of plot there is, indeed, enough—if not more than enough—in these three volumes; and even the average novel-reader, who reads for the story alone, can hardly turn from them unsatisfied. But the paramount impression which the book leaves upon the mind of the critic is its seriousness. Mrs. Ward has taken herself and her art seriously. She has deliberately chosen a wide canvas, and there is no inch of it upon which she has not wrought with patient care, with a steadfast determination to give the world nothing but her best. Conscientiousness of this kind is not so common nowadays that one can afford to despise or even to ignore it; and the critic, at all events, must honour work which is never vamped.

The next impression left by the book upon one's mind is the clear insight of the author into the inner and spiritual lives of her characters. There are character-sketches not a few in "David Grieve" of which Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot might well have been proud. But in no single case are the characters drawn from the clothes inwards. It is from the souls outwards that Mrs. Ward builds up the pictures of the fictitious personages of her story. And the result is an impression of reality—almost of bodily substance—which it should be the highest ambition of the novelist to create. We profess no competence to discuss the many spiritual problems upon which our author touches in this masterly and admirable book. But no one who knows life in any of its deeper and more satisfactory aspects can doubt the existence of those diverse and too often conflicting undercurrents of spiritual emotion and experience which so constantly affect the lives and fortunes of most men and women. The novelist, as a rule, passes them by, or, if he touches upon them at all, selects merely some special religious problem in order to show how it affects the career of some particular person. This was what Mrs. Ward herself did in "Robert Elsmere." In "David Grieve" she has been more eclectic, and has sought to bring home to us the inner, as well as the outer lives, not of one or two, but of many of her characters. The hyper-Calvinist with his creed based on the doctrine of everlasting punishment, the Unitarian with his tepid but far-reaching humanitarianism, the Ritualist with his serene faith in the Church and its ordinances, and the sceptic with his mind steeped in the writings of Voltaire, are but a few of the living souls with whom we meet in these pages, and with whose mental struggles we are compelled to sympathise. We do not know that "David Grieve" will excite the admiration of those who went into ecstasies over "Robert Elsmere"; but this we can affirm—that in masterly grasp of the various phases of spiritual thought and conflict in the England of to-day it stands alone in modern fiction, and must be confessed as what it is, a masterpiece.

The first volume, which deals with the childhood and youth of the hero and his sister, if it stood alone would compel admiration. We seem to see the characters of David and Louie growing and forming themselves before our eyes, and we recognise, as sometimes we are permitted to do in real life, the formative influences of heredity, temperament, and outward circumstance. We see how these influences act and react upon each other, and produce their natural—nay, their inevitable—results. Neither David nor Louie has a character which by the wildest exaggeration can be described as conventional. Indeed, the sister strikes one as being one of the most original figures in the whole gallery of fiction. As we look at them, born of the same stock, fruit of the same branch, we are filled with wonder, as we so often are in real life, at the fact that brother and sister should show so strange an unlikeness amid all that they have in common, and that their lives should shape themselves to such different ends. Very slowly do the rough virtues of the boy, hardly to be distinguished in their crude uncountness from positive vices, ripen into something mellow and noble. And if the girl develops, whilst she is within our gaze, more rapidly, we only see in the fact, alas! fresh proof of the truth that weeds will grow more quickly in congenial soil than honest fruit. But the whole of the scene in which the childhood of David and Louie is set seems to us of extraordinary fidelity and excellence. The mean and sordid aunt, with her avaricious instincts, her selfishness and cruelty; her husband, with his conscience slow to move but never quite at rest; the life on the farm, with its little cares and trivial incidents; the people of the neighbourhood, with their strong provincialism and not less pronounced individuality—all these are drawn for us with a graphic force which gives them an abiding reality in the mind. Some of the characters that figure in these early pages are of quite uncommon merit as works of art; so uncommon that we instinctively regard them as transcripts from the actual experiences of the writer. Take the crazy old schoolmaster, 'Lias, as an example. His reason has been disordered by a grievous mental shock, and he lives in a world of fancies of his own. Mrs. Ward has given us an admirable sketch of the old man in one of his moments of excitement, when he is wrestling in imagination with the historical characters whom he summons at his will from the dead past to hold converse with him. The scene is too long for transcription here, but no one who reads it is likely to forget it, or to mistake it for the easy effort of an ordinary novelist in search of the picturesque.

It is, however, in Manchester and Paris rather than on the Derbyshire hills that the drama of the lives of David Grieve and his sister is played out. In nothing, it seems to us, has Mrs. Ward been happier in this book than in the marked but not violent contrast which she presents to us between the busy prosaic English provincial town, steeped in business, and the brilliant French capital, where, so far as the characters of the tale are concerned, business is practically unknown, and an atmosphere of art and romanticism is breathed. Most truthfully has the author caught the spirit of these two antagonistic worlds. Mrs. Gaskell herself could not have drawn for us a more faithful picture of Manchester life than we find in these pages; whilst we doubt if any English writer has ever painted more accurately the tone of Bohemian Paris. We shall carefully abstain from telling the story of David Grieve. Our readers must go to the book itself for that. But there is no need to divulge the elaborate and carefully-wrought plot in order to do justice to the merits of the work.

Unquestionably its most striking episode is that which deals with the visit of David and his sister to Paris, and with their strange fortunes there. Indeed, if the section entitled "Storm and Stress" had been published by itself, it would have been recognised as a remarkable and powerful work of fiction; though probably few readers would have guessed that it

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in any society. His mind wholly lacked balance, judgment, and a sense of proportion; his temperament was impetuous beyond all control. In controversy he forgot every kind of decency (so kindly a critic as the late Dean Church described him as "that dear old learned professor of Billingsgate"), and more than once his biographer has to confess that some apology is due for his vehemence. His manners were of the superficial kind which disappear when a man loses his temper. At Oxford he was forced to content himself with pouring out a flood of angry pamphlets and spiteful sermons, but ἀρχὴν ἀνδρα δείξει. As Dean he threw the chapter of Chichester into as great a turmoil as Atterbury threw that of Carlisle. In Convocation he rated and scolded the members in a style which even that long-suffering body refused to endure. Like all persons who fancy they have a monopoly of truth, he could see nothing but lukewarmness in his friends. There was something curiously feminine in his character, which, no doubt, as his biographer often reminds us, gained him the admiration of the fair sex, but which prevented him from winning the confidence of his fellow-men. One sees it in his inveterate habit of underlining words in his letters, in his gushing style of address, in his custom of kissing a pupil! (Vol. I., p. 133.) All these Dr. Goulburn does not deny, but he passes them over with a gentle sigh, and prefers to contemplate the creation of his own fancy.

Burgon's attitude to current events was that of a man who is always in opposition. We have collected from Dr. Goulburn's volumes an instructive list of the various proposals of which, from time to time, he was the declared opponent. That he should be an active critic of the Gorham judgment and of "Essays and Reviews" might be naturally expected; but he went beyond his contemporaries in the violence with which he denounced the Revised Lectionary, the Education Act of 1870, the nomination of Dean Stanley as a select preacher, the higher education of women, High Church missions, and Low Church revivals—*Tros Tyriusve!* But withal he never enjoyed the respect which often lends a dignity to impracticable opposition. His isolation was not even pathetic, for he was noisy and self-assertive; he could not work with others for a common end, and he often, by the intemperance of his language, won recruits to the causes which he denounced. Thus when he was proposed as a member of the University Commission of 1876, his name called forth such a storm of protest that Lord Salisbury was forced to withdraw it. (One of Dr. Goulburn's correspondents attributes this, most absurdly, to a more than usually violent pamphlet of Burgon's on Oxford housemaids!)

It may be doubted whether, as a writer, he made any real mark. He was an indefatigable student, but his mind was wholly unscientific. Dr. Goulburn tells us that his work on the last twelve verses of St. Mark convinced Lord Cranbrook of their genuineness, and converted a Primate. He himself was certain that he had established his point beyond all question, but the greatest, perhaps, of modern New Testament scholars remarked after reading the book, "What a pity it is that Mr. Burgon is ignorant of the first principles of textual criticism!" He held a theory of inspiration, which is thus summed up by his biographer: "The whole Bible is inspired, the words as well as the sentences, the syllables as well as the words, the letters as well as the syllables—every jot and every tittle of it," a theory which is described by a distinguished living Bishop as the "grossest superstition." He would recognise no relations between religion and science, save that of absolute subjection on the part of science, nor was he one of those who complacently throw the Old Testament to the waves of science and cling to the New. He had more of Dame Partington than of King Canute in his character, and he would have condemned "Lux Mundi" as strongly as "Essays and Reviews." He helped to establish a Theology School in Oxford in the hope of encouraging his own type of mind, but he lived long enough to see

the whole scheme of it fundamentally altered, the hated science introduced, and comparative religion take its place among the subjects. His greatest achievement was a series of articles in the *Quarterly Review* on the Revised Version of the New Testament, which represented a great deal of current criticism, and damaged the sale of that work considerably. He left behind him a vast mass of papers on New Testament subjects which, in the hands of a competent editor, may yet give good results. Of a lighter kind is his work, "The Lives of Twelve Good Men," a series of biographies of more or less obscure friends of his own. This book has had a wide circulation, and deserves it, for throughout we find considerable style in writing, much agreeable anecdote, and information pleasingly conveyed. But even here his want of a sense of proportion, and his inveterate habit of allusive depreciation and exaggeration, are constantly to be seen by those who can read between the lines. The result is to make the book thoroughly untrustworthy as an estimate of individuals or as a record of events. On the whole, then, it must be said that Burgon's life was barren. We have left to the last his personal relations, the brightest side of the subject, and the side on which his biographer would have been wise to dwell. He certainly secured and enjoyed the friendship of many. He had great humour, a keen sympathy with childhood and with suffering, and it is by these that he will be best remembered. It is useless to attempt to claim for him distinction or greatness, or even success in any other field, and it is much to be regretted that the attempt should have been made.

AN ESOTERIC MISSION.

FURTHER RELIQUES OF CONSTANCE NADEN: being Essays and Tracts for our Times. Edited by George M. McCrie. With portrait. London: Bickers & Son. 1891.

"THERE can be no doubt that by the death of Miss Naden the world has lost a person of gifts both extraordinary and highly diversified. . . . I am glad to be under the impression that we have not got the last of her remains." So Mr. Gladstone seems to have written in acknowledging a copy of Mr. Hughes's Memoir. Since his mention of her in a list of British poetesses in an early number of THE SPEAKER, the friends and admirers of the deceased lady have done their best to put every scrap of her writing into print, and there is some danger lest the reputation based upon her unquestionable promise and power suffer from extravagant eulogy of her actual achievement. Thus her present editor, Mr. McCrie, compares her with other famous women—Miss Martineau, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Somerville, Marie Bashkirtseff—and dismisses them one after another much in the fashion of an ancient sonneteer "praising his lady"—

"Give place, you ladies, and begone!
Boast not yourselves at all;
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all."

Mr. McCrie's enthusiasm would have been more serviceable if a larger amount of it had been spent upon a careful revision of the proofs of these "Further Reliques," for his list of *errata* is by no means complete, and it is annoying in a close argument to find "destructive" for "distinctive," and "effects" for "affects," even though the correct reading is tolerably obvious.

Of course, one cannot blame Miss Naden's personal friends for judging her rather by what they believed her capable of doing than by what she actually did. This was natural and inevitable. She was evidently a woman of remarkable power and fine character, and produced a deep impression on everybody with whom she came in contact. Still the critic must do his duty, and, taking the papers brought together in this volume as they stand, there is a note of exaggeration in describing them as "tracts for our times." They are certainly not for

the times at large. Their language is too technical for any but the philosophical specialist. It is true that, as a propagandist of Hylo-Idealism—her specific against mental and moral disease—Miss Naden does not use the Babylonish dialect into which Dr. Lewins is driven by his desire to make the theory intelligible. Still it is in a dialect and not in the vernacular that most of the papers are written, especially those for which the editor claims peculiar value. Only the specialist is likely to extract any meaning from the motto on the title-page: "Macrocosm and Microcosm are but Auto-cosm." Nor will the vulgar make much more of a plainer statement of this "primary truth"—namely, "that man evolves from his inner nature the world of experience as well as the world of thought." Miss Naden, indeed, expressly disclaims "that affectation of extreme simplicity which deludes the crowd into the belief that it understands metaphysics." At the same time we should be unfair to Mr. McCrie and his sub-title of "tracts for the times" if we did not recognise that Miss Naden, in writing for philosophic specialists, had a fervent moral purpose in so doing, and aspired by those writings to benefit her generation. She attached, as she tells us, the highest importance to clear metaphysical foundations, and laboured at making them clear with the hope that her results would win the wise at once, and by degrees permeate all.

We are not quite sure that this high and fervent ambition has been always to the advantage of Miss Naden's Metaphysic. Mr. McCrie rightly praises her for her courage in disinterestedly seeking the truth, and refusing to turn aside from conclusions merely because they were heterodox. He is probably right, also, in his lament that philosophical speculation should be so much in the hands of "the inconstant and half-hearted." But it is not clear that Miss Naden has escaped the bias incident to all thinkers who aim at making a theory of knowledge serve the purpose of a basis for morals. This really seems to be the novelty of her position as a Hylo-Idealist. Hylo-Idealism, indeed, as expounded in this volume by Miss Naden, Dr. Lewins, Dr. Brewer, and Mr. McCrie, is not nearly so novel as they seem to believe. The substance of it, indeed, may be said to be generally accepted nowadays by all schools of philosophy. That Matter and Mind are distinctions within our conscious experience, and that no man is directly aware of any conscious experience but his own, are the commonplaces of modern thought, and it does not appear that Dr. Lewins, though he has his own pet paradoxes of expression, has got beyond them. Of Miss Naden we are not so sure. In such expressions as "*intellect and morality belong to man only as a social being; so that society not only encompasses him, but constitutes his very mind and character*" (p. 134), she seems to have got hold of a more fruitful principle. This reappears at p. 180:—"I am I, not merely in virtue of my *distinction* from my race, but in virtue of my *unity* with my race." But it is not clearly freed from the ambiguity of the word Ego, which gives such a fine flavour of misleading paradox to some of Dr. Lewins's sayings about the Ego being unable to transcend its own Egoity. One reads with regret such a sentence as this at p. 154:—"There is indeed a sense, *which I shall explain later*, in which the universe may be said to exist independently of the Ego." The explanation never came; it would have been interesting. Miss Naden is seen at her best in the critical discussion of a definite theory, such as Green's Transcendental Psychology (p. 146), or the old problem of the Freedom of the Will, which she handles in a very brilliant Neo-Socratic dialogue (p. 176). The first paper in the volume, a "protest" against Mr. Lilly's "Pig Philosophy," though declined by the *Fortnightly Review*, was certainly worth printing as a most thorough exposure of commonplace confusion of thought. But while brilliant as a critic, there are signs in the constructive part of Miss Naden's work that her conceptions were but imperfectly

cleared and systematised, a fact not to be wondered at and not to be held as any disparagement to her philosophic aptitude when we consider how young she was at the time of her death.

THE SUDAN: A SEMI-OFFICIAL VIEW.

MAHDISM AND THE EGYPTIAN SUDAN. By Major F. R. Wingate, D.S.O., R.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

At the present time, when the question of Egypt is being widely discussed, a book on the Sudan possesses special interest. To justify our prolonged occupation of the country, it is necessary to show that British bayonets are still required, first for the maintenance of internal order, second as a protection from invasion from the South. Imagination has pictured the overrunning of the fertile delta by a countless horde of fanatics, inspired by a new Mahomet. Periodic telegrams, announcing vaguely that "the dervishes" were darkly massing on the hills beyond Wady Halfa, serve to keep the scare before the British public. Here is a book which will enable anyone to gauge the reality of the danger. Major Wingate has some undoubted qualifications for the task he has undertaken. He is a competent Arabic scholar; he has spent some years in Egypt; he has had at his disposal all the resources of an Intelligence Department; he writes picturesquely and frequently well. He has brought together in a convenient form a mass of information, the value of which, as history, necessarily varies greatly. Beginning with the assumption of the title of Mahdi by Mohammed Ahmed in 1881, the complex movements within the seething cauldron of the revolted Sudan are traced with much skill down to the re-occupation of Tokar by the Egyptian troops in February last. The narrative ranges over a vast tract of country—from El Fasher to the shores of the Red Sea, from Ginnis to the Albert Nyanza, thus coupling up the chain of events with those superabundantly described by the members of the Emin Relief Expedition. Nebulous as such a narrative must often be, it occasionally astonishes by the detail of some small incident stated to have occurred in the far deserts of the Sudan.

Of the historical value of the record as a whole, it is impossible at present to form any judgment. Reports from the Mahdi's Emirs to their master seem to have dropped into the hands of the Egyptian Intelligence Department from out of the blue. Thus, for example, the letter of Zaki Tunal describing the fighting at Galabat, in which King John of Abyssinia was killed, seems to have found its way to Cairo. As evidence, this letter, like that in which Osman Digna recounts his action with General Graham in 1884, is admittedly worthless. On evidence of this nature, supplemented by the accounts brought by refugees, who in such a country would certainly know little of value beyond their own personal experiences, much of the contents of Major Wingate's book must rest.

Caution in accepting the work as history is the more necessary, on account of its avowedly official character. It represents what, in the view of the Anglo-Egyptian military authorities at Cairo, may desirably be made public. It carefully suppresses or glosses over events on the Red Sea littoral since 1885, over which officialdom wisely prefers to throw a veil. This portion of the book can fortunately be checked by information available from other sources—even from blue-books read with due care. Thus, no reader of "Mahdism" would glean the fact that grave mistakes of policy were made at Suakin; or that in 1886, at a time when affairs bore the most hopeful aspect, the abortive and ill-advised attempt to take Tokar brought back the old troubles in an aggravated form; or that the unwise and unjustifiable restrictions placed upon legitimate trade entailed starvation to large numbers of tribesmen, while giving fresh impetus to the slave-trade.

For two reasons, however, the book possesses special value at the present moment. It effectually disposes of the scare of Arab invasion; it discloses,

with much frankness, the aims of the Cairo military authorities. Invasion has already been twice attempted under circumstances as favourable as are likely to arise, and has been defeated with the greatest ease. In 1885, after the breaking up of the Nile Expeditionary force, the plan proposed by the Mahdi, then dead, was attempted. An Arab force, estimated at "some 6,000 men," reached Ginnis, only to be attacked and utterly broken up on the 30th December, with a total Anglo-Egyptian loss of 7 killed and 34 wounded. No further attempt was made till 1889, when a force of 3,300 fighting men, with a horde of followers, women and children, after great suffering, arrived at Toski, to be utterly routed on the 2nd August. The Arab loss was estimated at over 1,200 killed, and 4,000 prisoners were taken. The Egyptian army lost only 25 killed and 140 wounded. The whole story is a pitiful one. Only the fanaticism of the Emir, Nejumi, who was killed, seems to have prevailed in leading the hapless force to the destruction, which he himself appears to have known to be inevitable. Such have been the attempted invasions of Egypt, in which the most advanced point reached was some 700 miles from Cairo. The deserts which flank the Nile, and the command of the banks which armed steamers confer, render this strange frontier line impregnable to such an attack as the tribal forces can deliver, while the supply of ammunition in the Khalifa's hands is nearly exhausted.

Scattered throughout the book will be found unmistakable hints that the reconquest of the Sudan is the present object of ambition. The iniquities of Egyptian rule, from which Mahdism drew its strength, cannot, we are assured, recur, because "there is no doubt that the lessons learnt during the past ten years will not be forgotten." And the occupation of Tokar in February last, followed apparently by the confiscation by the Egyptian Government of a large tract of the only fertile ground in the district, plainly shows what is desired. Whatever may be the natural aspirations of the Cairo Pashas, and of the sixty British officers in the service of the Khedive, the reconquest of the Sudan can be achieved only by the expenditure of large sums, which Egypt, amply taxed already, cannot provide, and, with the assistance of European officers, which cannot be given. Mahdism seems, on Major Wingate's showing, to be a decaying force, although his opinion manifests signs of instability. "The prestige of the movement" is "gone." If this be so, the tribes will before long return to their peaceful habits, and the opening up of legitimate trade will bring prosperity and content to the thousands who followed a false prophet to disaster. Meanwhile, the Sudan, at least, supplies no possible justification of the retention of a British garrison in Egypt.

THE JAP ABROAD.

JAPANESE LETTERS: Eastern Impressions of Western Men and Manners, as contained in the Correspondence of Tokiware and Yashiri. Edited by Commander Hastings Berkeley, R.N. London: John Murray. 1891.

THE sudden and complete political revolution which took place in Japan some three-and-twenty years ago has formed the theme of many books, one of the latest of which is the work before us. The subject constituted a unique experience in the history of the world. In no other country at any time have such astonishing political changes been effected within so short a period. We have lately seen an attempt made to introduce a somewhat similar state of things in Brazil, and we have seen how it has ended. But in Japan the reform movement has pursued unchecked an even course, and, under the guidance of native statesmen, there has been safely carried out a transformation scene, the mere prospect of which in Brazil destroyed an Empire and overthrew a Republic.

But though Japan has passed safely through the

ordeal, it could not but be that, in the growth of new institutions, incongruities should arise and mistakes should be made which would give the enemy occasion to mock. The youth of Japan are too new to their broad-cloth clothes and their advanced ideas to escape ridicule, and while one school of English politicians have seen nothing but deep wisdom in their crude notions, another has found abundant occasion to laugh at their overweening pretensions and strange vagaries. In the work before us we have the views of old and new Japan put fairly forward. It is scarcely necessary to say that the letters are not the letters of Japanese, and that in their composition there is concealed under a very thin veil the hand, we must suppose, of Commander Berkeley.

Of the two pseudo correspondents, one, the typical modern youth, is supposed to take the grand tour and to visit London, Paris, and Rome, while "Yashiri," the representative of the old order of things, remained true to his native country at Tokiō. This explanation will prepare the reader to find that the letters of "Tokiware," the traveller, contain fewer remarks on the sights and scenes to be observed in the places he visited than political and social reflections on the state of the various countries through which he passed. In fact, the epistolary see-saw is so arranged that "Tokiware" should just touch on those subjects which would enable "Yashiri" to deliver himself of the political and metaphysical ideas of old Japan. There is no lack of cleverness in the letters, and they very fairly represent the schools of which the pseudo writers are supposed to be types.

The power of England and the intense vitality both of mind and body which is observable in the streets and business quarters of London were the first dominant impressions which were made on the mind of "Tokiware" in the earlier part of his tour. "Yashiri" admits all this, but is cynically doubtful as to the objects pursued by this energetic, go-ahead nation; and he is especially bitter in his remarks on the way in which Englishmen encouraged his countrymen to remodel their judicial system "so that it may present in essentials a faithful counterpart of that of Europe," and when this was accomplished, refused to submit their countrymen to the jurisdiction of the native courts. "The pretensions of these foreigners," he adds, "are only equalled by their greed." But foreigners are not the only targets at which "Yashiri" fires his shots. The follies and fashions of young Japan are almost as hateful to him as the pretensions and greed of foreigners. He complains that having cast themselves adrift from their old moral moorings, the modern youths have nothing to which they can attach themselves to prevent their being swept away in the stream of indifference and immorality. "You are," he writes, "intellectually indifferent. As I have just said, you are possessed of no convictions. You, for instance, what have you gained from your keen examination of Western ideas? . . . You have secured for yourself a kind of plastic spirit, which yields easily to every impression, unrecalcitrant, without prejudice, but also without belief, which is the main-spring of human actions." This is not quite as a Japanese would write, but there are a great number of the older generation in Japan who would agree with "Yashiri" in thinking that young Japan is far too superficially clever, and too exaggeratedly agnostic. Such people would prefer also, with "Yashiri," that any necessary reforms should be made on Japanese lines, and not in obedience to cut-and-dried models brought from Europe by such tourists as "Tokiware."

Captain Berkeley shows a considerable knowledge of the views held by Japanese on these and other subjects, and his puppets speak with the voices of those they represent. For example, he puts into the mouth of "Tokiware" a shallow sophism on what he considers to be the connection between vulgarity in art and religion such as one might commonly

hear enunciated by flippant young Japanese. "Tokiware" is of opinion that France is at present the most artistic of the Western nations, and that it is at the same time the least vulgar, the least religious, and probably the least moral. *Ergo* freedom from religion secures freedom from vulgarity, and an abundant development of the artistic faculty. This is the kind of trash to which Young Japan lends too willing an ear, and which is faithfully reflected in Captain Berkeley's volume. But whether or not it was worth his while to reproduce it is another matter.

THE MUSE OF THE NORTH.

POEMS BY THE WAY. Written by William Morris. London: Reeves & Turner.

MR. MORRIS has drunk deep draughts from Scandinavian poetry; the "Muse of the North" is the chief source of the inspiration of his later work both in prose and verse. "Come thou," he sings,

"for sure I am enough alone
That thou thinkest about my heart shouldst throw,
And wrap me in the grief of long ago."

Here the word "grief" must not be understood in its ordinary acceptance; it has rather the force of melancholy in Fletcher's and Milton's sense. The Muse besought by Mr. Morris has been bountiful to him. A sympathetic mind is subdued at once to the mood the poet works in. Borne on the swell of his verse, which has lost none of its strength and simplicity, enchantment in the most literal sense seizes on the reader; and he is spellbound long before the book is finished: "the grief of long ago" has laid hold of him.

No one must attempt this book in a hurry. "The Wooing of Halliborn the Strong," "Hafbur and Signy," "Goldilocks and Goldilocks," and other ballads, original and adapted from the Icelandic or the Danish, "dally with the innocence of love like the old age." They are written as if to be recited in the long Arctic nights, under smoked rafters, by the light of flaring lamps shining on burnished byrnie and gold-wrought horns, to an accompaniment of whirling wheels, in longitudes that the telegraph has not yet netted, and where the latest news is the freshest setting of a time-worn story. It might be wise to induce the right mood by beginning with some of the shorter lyrics, such as "Error and Loss," a most pathetic presentation of what we still call the irony of fate; "The Two Sides of the River," an eclogue as sweet as the sweetest in "The Shepherd's Calendar"; "A Death Song," warning the rich, who

"will not learn; they have no ears to hearken,
They turn their faces from the eyes of fate;
Their gay-lit halls shut out the skies that darken;
But lo! this dead man knocking at the gate!"

or "The Message of the March Wind," with its breadth, strength, humanity, and splendid volume of sound; or "The Voice of Toil," which cries out on the fate that has turned "the good world" into a prison,

"Where faster and faster our iron master,
The thing we made for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives."

Then, before yet attempting any of the old-world ballads, the diffident reader might turn to a modern one, "Mother and Son," wherein a woman sits on a London doorstep at night, and muses on the future of her baby.

"Fair and fierce is thy father, and soft and strange are his eyes,
That look on the days that will be with the hope of the brave and the wise . . .
Son, sorrow and wisdom he taught me, and sore I grieved and learned
As we twain grew into one; and the heart within me burned
With the very hopes of his heart. . . .
But thou, O son, O son, of very love wert born,
When our hope fulfilled bred hope, and fear was a folly outworn."

On the eve of the toil and the battle all sorrow and grief we weighed,
We hoped and we were not ashamed, we knew and we were not afraid, . . .
But sure from the wise and the simple shall the mighty come to birth;
And fair were my fate, beloved, if I be yet on the earth
When the world is awoken at last, and from mouth to mouth they tell
Of thy love and thy deeds and thy valour, and thy hope that nought can quell."

If the reader's diffidence arises from pessimism, it will not be overcome, we are afraid, by writing like this; for here we have love, unsentimentalised, knowing and rejoicing in its source and its object. After this suggested initiation any one who is not wound up to go straight on with the long, garrulous, crooning Dansk and Norsk ballads of love and fate, had better lay the book aside. The reader who is not afraid of strong meat, and who dares manfully to lounge and take his leisure, no matter what his calling or what his necessity, will have a consoling vision of grey eyes, kind and unafraid; soft lips that tremble not though they pronounce doom, that smile not even when they love. The contemplation of the great sorrow of the people of the North, the deep melancholy that vexed the brow, and bowed the head, and whitened the hair, and yet left no stain upon the soul, will purify our modern sadness.

There are tears and anguish in this book; it is bitter-sweet, but the savour is only sweet in the end. Throughout the melancholy, and the wrong, and the fierce fighting, a strong, grave gladness in life and in living throbs like a diapason, harmonising all.

AN AMERICAN ARGUMENT FOR FREE TRADE.

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL DELUSIONS. By Arthur B. and Henry Farquhar. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A WELL-REASONED argument in favour of Free Trade will, it is to be hoped, always meet with a hearty welcome in this country. And such an argument is all the more acceptable when it is addressed by an American to Americans, and aims at opening their ports to our merchandise. This would probably be surprising news to Mr. A. B. Farquhar, for he states it as his conviction that Great Britain, secure in her commercial supremacy, is profoundly indifferent to everything that takes place on the other side of the Atlantic. He very much underestimates the amount of interest excited by the McKinley tariff in England. There seems good reason for hoping that his book may exercise considerable influence over the more open-minded among his countrymen who are not too deeply pledged to the Republican programme. He does not profess to throw any new light on the question in the abstract, but his enforcement of elementary truths is certainly not superfluous in a country where they are so little recognised. That, however, which makes the book permanently valuable is the author's examination in detail of the course of American commerce during the last seventy years. In one place he quotes Mr. Bagehot to the effect that America "is the theatre where the result of economic experiments—or, rather, illustrations of the truth of elementary economic principles—can best be studied on a large scale." Such illustrations may be studied in the tables and charts which Mr. Farquhar has compiled from the statistics furnished by the publications of the United States Government departments. The method he has pursued in constructing them may at first strike the reader as somewhat intricate, but a little careful attention to Mr. Farquhar's explanations renders them perfectly intelligible. They are then seen to afford convincing evidence of the truth of the author's assertions. Among other things, it is shown that a change in the tariff is not accompanied by any constant variation in the balance of trade, while an increase in the rate of import duties is actually the precursor of a fall in the value of exported as well as of imported merchandise. So much for the efforts of the Protectionists to secure a "favourable" balance, and, by increasing the volume of their exports, to cause a flow of the precious metals into their own country. They are now beginning, says Mr. Farquhar, to acknowledge themselves foiled in this direction, and have recourse to the plea that, by fostering native manufactures, they are creating a "Home Market" for agricultural produce. The actual result of limiting the farmer's choice of markets—as is shown in the case of potatoes—is a fall in value proportionate to the extent of the crop; while the Protection afforded to certain favoured branches of manufacture—often situated at a distance from good agricultural land—does not increase demand or collect a body of consumers in close proximity to the producer.

MORE BIOGRAPHY.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. xxix. Inglis—John. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE unusual interest and variety of the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is sufficiently attested by an enumeration of some of the principal personages comprised in it—Ireton, Irving, Jacob Jeffrey, Jefferies, Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), Jerrold, Jervis (Lord St. Vincent), Jewel, Jevons, and Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. Such common names as Jackson, James, and Jenkins are also prolific of noteworthy persons. The backbone of the volume, however, is formed by the unusual number of royal personages, mostly of great importance. The reigns of John, James I., and James II. were among the most momentous in English history, and have demanded and received the most attentive examination from the Rev. William Hunt, Professor Gardiner, and Professor Williamson. There are also four Jameses, Kings of Scotland, all entrusted to the able pen of Dr. Aeneas Mackay; there is the "Old Pretender"; there are two Queen Isabellas; and John of Gaunt and John Duke of Bedford, both virtually royal personages. The former of these great mediæval characters is treated by Mr. Maunde Thompson, the latter by Mr. Hunt; while John of Salisbury, "for thirty years the central figure of English learning," is amply discussed by Mr. R. L. Poole. The most remarkable eccentricity is, perhaps, Samuel Ireland, the Shakespeare forger, who is handled by the editor himself.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"Dear King of Comedy,
Be honoured! Thou that didst love Venice so,
Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!"

So wrote Robert Browning of Carlo Goldoni, a dramatist whom Voltaire once described as the Italian Molière. In many respects such a comparison was hardly felicitous, and cannot be accepted now without qualifications which almost rob it of its force. Voltaire, however, was nearer the mark when he told Carlo Goldoni that if he was asked to give a title to "The Comedies" he would call them "Italy liberated from the Goths." Miss Helen Zimmermann, in the brief but suggestive introduction to a group of four of the Venetian playwright's comedies, claims with justice that it is Goldoni's supreme merit and one of his chief titles to fame that he released the Italian theatre from the bondage of the artificial and puerile performances that until then had passed for plays. Goldoni was born in Venice in 1707, but his life was chiefly spent in Paris and Versailles. He was a favourite with the King, taught Italian to the princesses, and followed the Court from palace to palace, dying at the age of eighty—just two years before the outbreak of the Revolution. Goldoni was never afraid to attack the follies of his time; he possessed a keen sense of humour, and his satire was genial rather than bitter. "Comedy, which is, or should be, the school of society," was his own dictum. "should never expose the weakness of humanity save to correct it;" and on the whole he was loyal to his own ideal. In a very literal sense Carlo Goldoni was able to turn to mirth—and money—experiences which other men would regard—not unreasonably—as altogether rueful. For instance, swindled on one occasion out of a considerable sum of money, he sat down and wrote quickly a play called *L'Imposstore*, which brought him back in hard cash twice the amount which he had lost. When one of his comedies was somewhat ruthlessly assailed, Goldoni turned the tables on his critics by making their strictures the subject of a drama. His life was not without a strong element of romance, but it ended darkly, like many a less brilliant career. This dainty little volume reflects—so far as a translation can—the characteristics of the "immortal Goldoni," as his countrymen delight to style a playwright who did much to redeem from pettiness the national drama.

The "Temple Library" has just been enriched by a choice edition of Oliver Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," in two diminutive but dainty volumes. Paper, print, and binding, are alike excellent in quality and unimpeachable on the score of good taste, and the book also contains some charming vignettes of Goldsmith's homes or haunts, drawn by Mr. Herbert Railton. We owe the "Chinese Letters," as these inimitable papers were

originally called, to Goldsmith's engagement as literary hack to Newbery; and probably if guineas had not been quite so scarce with a man who was always more or less of a "distressed poet." English literature would have been so much the poorer. Mr. Austin Dobson is always at his best in the society of the painters and poets of last century, and it is almost needless to add that he has edited "The Citizen of the World" with no less sympathy than judgment. Where explanatory comment is required, it is given with lucid conciseness, and no attempt is made to burden the book with superfluous notes. Mr. Dobson declares that Beau Dibbs and the pawnbroker's widow, with her rings and her green damask, are as much alive to-day as Partridge or Mrs. Nickleby. Like Fielding and Dickens, Goldsmith took his own line, and was content to find material for his genius in a phase of life with which he was actually acquainted. "It is Goldsmith under the transparent disguise of Lien Chi, Goldsmith commenting, after the manner of Addison and Steele, upon Georgian England, that attracts and interests the modern reader. . . . One rubs one's eyes as one reads; one asks oneself under one's breath if it is of our day that the satirist is speaking. No; it is of the reign of the second of the Georges, before Grub Street was turned into Milton Street." This edition of "The Citizen of the World" is a book to purchase and prize.

It is difficult to speak with any patience of Mr. Joseph Hatton's "Cigarette Papers." There is a showy binding to the book, and scattered up and down its pages a number of more or less artistic thumb-nail pictures, vignettes, and a few more ambitious plates, including a portrait of Thomas Carlyle seated on a footstool before his own fire, in meditative mood, with a "churchwarden" pipe in his hand. On the opposite page to the Cheyne Row interior occurs the very obvious remark, "Smokers are of no party," and this is followed by the statement that "Lord Tennyson enjoys a pipe; Mr. Labouchere a cigarette; Bret Harte smokes almost as many cigars in the year as Mark Twain; and Henry Irving often hurries over his dinner for the sake of the cigar which follows it." This is the sort of vacuous commonplace which abounds in the book, though now and then a good anecdote creeps into the narrative between rows of platitudes to right and left. Mr. Hatton, as all the world knows, has written one or two good novels, but that is hardly a reason why he should inflict these dull and vapid "papers for the burning," to quote his own expression, on readers who think they have a right to expect better work from his hands.

Under the title of "Modern Science" Sir John Lubbock is editing a new series of popular manuals of a less elaborate and technical character than the well-known "International Scientific Series." The volume before us is a study of "The Horse," and Professor Flower's name is, of course, a guarantee that the book is written from the point of view of the most recent biological research. The horse's place in Nature is, first of all, pointed out, and then its next of kin, so to speak—the rhinoceros, the tapir, and the like—are described. Afterwards the structure of the horse, chiefly as bearing upon its evolution, its mode of life, and its relation to other vertebrated animals, is lucidly explained. It is curious to learn, on the authority of Professor Flower, that up to the year 1887 there existed in the various languages of the civilised world no less than 3,800 separate works on subjects appertaining to the horse; yet, we imagine, there was quite room for a treatise like this—at once strictly scientific and popular. At all events, we know of nothing at all comparable to this little book, for it presents in simple language, divested of needless technicalities, the gist of a good many more pretentious volumes.

In a manual entitled "Electricity up to Date" Mr. Verity gives a concise and popular account of the manner in which this new force has gradually been brought into subjection to the demands of modern civilisation. The book opens with a description of the different modes of producing electricity, and afterwards proceeds to explain the principles involved in electric lighting and electric traction. Chapters are also devoted to the storage and public supply of electricity, the arrangement and working of a private installation, Board of Trade regulations, and electrical engineering as a profession.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. KNOX's article in our issue of last week will have prepared our readers for the announcement which must strike many people as curious—viz., that although LORD SALISBURY has paid his postponed visit to Exeter before the meeting of Parliament, MR. BALFOUR is not expected in Ulster before August. Coupled with the absence of any word about the Irish Local Government Bill from the Prime Minister's speech, this indisposition of his nephew to face the deluded "loyalists" of Belfast is significant of much. One of LORD SALISBURY's admirers is consumed by ecstasy over his straightforwardness. MR. GLADSTONE is the tortuous casuist, but the charm of his chief antagonist is a complete freedom from "double-dealing." How exquisite, for instance, is LORD SALISBURY's candour about a measure which has been announced as the principal feature of the Ministerial programme, and of which the head of the Government vouchsafes not a scrap of information to his bewildered followers! How noble the courage of MR. BALFOUR, whose woe for the death of the DUKE OF CLARENCE will not permit him to explain his policy on an Ulster platform for the next seven months! It is so much easier and more candid to impeach the mass of Irish people as Hottentots or "uncivilised" Papists.

MR. HENRY FOWLER has answered with much spirit LORD SALISBURY's slanders on the Irish Catholics. "A more unworthy appeal to the basest passions of religious bigotry was never made by an English statesman." But this bigoted sentiment is now the Prime Minister's staple stock-in-trade in domestic politics. He is never happy unless he is denouncing his Catholic fellow-subjects as the allies of some foreign foe, historical or prospective. When he touches a secular topic, like the burden of the poor-rates on the land, he blunders so grossly that, as MR. FOWLER showed, he actually proposes to relieve the landowner by confiscating public property. Whenever LORD SALISBURY talks about the rates, it is with the idea of diddling the nation for the benefit of the landlords; and whenever he talks about the Constitution, it is to sustain the theory that a Conservative statesman deserves best of his country who can stick to office for seven years. MR. FOWLER very properly contends that the Opposition have a right to know at once whether there will be a dissolution this year, and on what register it will be held.

WHILE LORD SALISBURY was scoffing at village councils and charging MR. GLADSTONE with proposing to revive the ruinous methods of benefiting the agricultural labourer which were finally disposed of by the Poor Law of 1834, MR. GLADSTONE's crushing answer to his charges—all the more effective because it was anticipatory and unintentional—was on its way to the printer's hands. His article on the History and Position of the Labour Question, which appears in the first number of the *Weekly Star*, points out how all the influences which have improved the position of the working classes in the towns have been absent in the case of the agricultural labourers. Unenfranchised till 1885, standing apart (to a great extent) from the influences which raised the money wages of artisans at the same time as Free

Trade cheapened their food, depressed and degraded in the main by that contact with their superiors which sentimentalists of the Young England School have regarded as a picturesque and valuable feature of English rural life, kept down by the old Poor Law—"an elaborate instrument for destroying self-reliance"—and by the spirit it has engendered, which is not eradicated yet, they require political information, opportunities for discussion, and, above all, those facilities for cultivating the soil on their own account which are enjoyed by the peasantry of almost every Continental country, and which (we may add) are now being increased by the State, even in reactionary Prussia. "The movement for a reasonable and manly self-assertion among our rural population" should, MR. GLADSTONE thinks, on no account be allowed to drop, and will be best stimulated by an adequate political press for the rural labourer, and the provision of an effective local government at his doors. We are glad to welcome the *Weekly Star* as a contributor to the first requirement. This authoritative statement of the Liberal aims by the Liberal leader can only bring into greater prominence the futility of the Tory championship of the rural labourer, of which we have had so notable a specimen in the Ely Conference.

MR. CHAPLIN is scarcely the man to save the Government, and yet his flourishes at Ely seemed to portend this undertaking. His Small Holdings Bill will create a host of yeomen, of miniature CHAPLINS, who are to vote Conservative and baffle Radical experiments with the soil. The Minister of Agriculture has even committed himself to the sentiment that every labourer in the country ought to have his piece of land; which sounds suspiciously like those Radical promises which we are assured are so wickedly delusive. As this boon is to depend on the goodwill of the landowners, and no local authority is to be endowed with compulsory powers of acquiring and managing real estate, MR. CHAPLIN's yeomen are rather an unsubstantial army. Animated by pure philanthropy, he has parted company with severe economists like MR. REW, the Chairman of the Central Chamber of Commerce, who says that allotments lower wages and the quality of labour. But is it part of the beautiful unity of the Unionists that the *Times*, wearing its REW with a difference, should applaud MR. CHAPLIN one day and scoff at his projects the next?

WHATEVER may be thought of the political capacities of women, there can be no question as to the excellence and value of their work in various departments of practical political economy. Besides this it is obvious that the conditions under which women labour can only be properly appreciated by their own sex. It is well, therefore, that Group C of the Labour Commission has just recommended the appointment of four women sub-commissioners, nominated by itself, to investigate the conditions of female labour especially in those textile industries which are its special department of investigation. One of the commissioners, MISS COLLETT, has obtained some distinction in political economy as well as in other studies, and has recently published the result of her inquiries into the condition of women-workers in the textile trades at Leeds. The rest have taken a prominent part in promoting the welfare of the class with which they

are now to be concerned. There are a good many dark places among the trades in which women are employed—some few of them illuminated and amended already by the action of women's trades unions and their promoters—and plenty of information about them is available if only there is an authority to collect it which will command the confidence of the workers, which the composition of the sub-commission indicates that it ought to do.

It has been announced this week by the *Standard*, apparently with some show of authority, that BISHOP VAUGHAN, of Salford, will be the new Archbishop of Westminster. As has before been pointed out in these columns, his appointment would be a reversion to the aristocratic traditions of English Catholicism, which CARDINAL MANNING, to the horror of many English Catholics, departed from with such marked success. Should he be appointed, by the way, the candidature of the DUKE OF NORFOLK for the County Council will acquire a new significance. As a close adherent of the new Archbishop, the DUKE would then be able to speak with authority as representing the Roman Catholic public. We doubt whether this will be a recommendation in the eyes of a large number of his "Moderate" supporters. Should BISHOP VAUGHAN not be appointed, it seems all but certain that he will be made archbishop of a new northern province. Of the other candidates suggested, BISHOP BAGSHAW of Nottingham is perhaps too combative a man to be safe. BISHOP CLIFFORD of Clifton is a scholar, and would be an admirable selection, were it not for his age; but it is very probable he would not accept the nomination. The appointment of MONSIGNOR GILBERT would, it is said, be very popular among a large section of the Roman Catholic public. ARCHBISHOP EYRE of Edinburgh, a man of great wealth, and whose name has not been generally mentioned, is, we believe, looked on in some quarters as a possible candidate.

THIS week has seen the announcement of two serious maritime disasters. Both may involve enormous loss of property, and one for a time bid fair to rank among the most terrible shipwrecks on record. On Sunday evening the North German Lloyd steamer *Eider*, from New York, missed the entrance to the Solent in a thick fog, and struck on a ledge of rocks off Atherfield in the Isle of Wight, a few miles west of Blackgang Chine. There she remained, with her crew and passengers, 393 souls in all, with a heavy gale coming on, almost unapproachable even by lifeboats, quite out of the reach either of steam tugs or of the rocket apparatus, and with a considerable prospect of breaking her back. Happily, however, the modern "reserved merchant cruiser" is far more strongly built than the ordinary merchant steamship. In the morning the local lifeboats landed thirteen passengers with great difficulty; in the afternoon, with still greater difficulty, the remainder. Everybody on board behaved admirably, and the lifeboat crews seem to have well deserved the appreciative message sent by the Queen. The electric light at St. Catherine's Point wholly failed to penetrate the fog. PROFESSOR TYNDALL has suggested that an intermittent light would be more successful. Considering the number of wrecks in recent years at the back of the Isle of Wight, it certainly seems that additional means should be provided of lighting the fog-haunted neighbourhood of the Needles. Southampton is so admirably provided with railway and dock accommodation that the dangers of the approach are rather overlooked. But—unless Portland becomes a mail port, which is improbable—it is hardly likely that Atlantic steamers will cease to enter the Solent.

THE other disaster has befallen the finest ship in the British Navy, H.M.S. *Victoria*. She struck on a rock, apparently not marked on the chart, near Dragomesti, off the west coast of Greece, on the night of January 29th, and has hitherto remained immovable, despite all efforts to get her off. Here apparently the charts are in fault, their makers not having contemplated the existence of ships so enormous or of so deep a draught as H.M.S. *Victoria*. Modern ships, it is sometimes said, have outgrown the harbours devised for them by former generations of engineers; they seem also to have outgrown the charts provided by a former generation of hydrographers.

THE Money Market has been very quiet this week. It is believed that the gold exports have ceased, and in some quarters there is even an expectation that gold in large amounts will be received from the United States. Whether that will be so or not depends partly upon the course of the Stock Exchange, and partly upon the view taken in the States of the fall in silver. In the open market in London the rate of discount after advancing to 2 per cent. has become weaker again at about 1½ per cent. During the week the price of silver has been as low as 41½d. per oz.—the lowest on record—and the exchange value of the rupee is also lower than it ever has been up to the present. The fall in silver, of course, is very injurious to the export trade with India, while it is beneficial to the export trade from India. It is also injurious to the Indian finances; but the main question raised by the fall is, How will it affect the policy of the United States? Will Congress persist in its silver policy when it is now proved a failure? Or will the act for the compulsory purchase of the metal be repealed? The probability, of course, is that nothing will be done until the Presidential election is decided. Another question of perhaps greater immediate practical importance is, How will the business community of New York and other great cities regard the fall in silver? Will they take alarm lest the continued purchases of silver should drive gold completely out of circulation? Will this fear, if it arises, lead to the hoarding of gold? or will the public conclude that all that is needed is even larger purchases still? As a matter of course the fall in silver has led to a fall in all silver securities.

A VERY uneasy feeling has pervaded the City all through the week. In the beginning it was rumoured that an eminent financial firm was in difficulties. We believe it is true that the firm in question has suffered losses, but additional capital has been put into it, and its solvency is beyond question. Over and above this, there has been a vague fear that some great disaster was impending. Then it was reported that a leading banker in Paris had committed suicide, and later it was announced that another banker had been arrested. In addition it is to be borne in mind that the fall in silver and cotton has inflicted heavy losses upon the merchants and manufacturers of Lancashire, as well as upon the planters in the Southern States, the mine-owners in the Western States, and the great speculators all over the American Union. The fall in silver, furthermore, threatens to disorganise the trade with all silver-using countries. Then, again, the Australian Colonies have somewhat lost credit, and the banking crisis in Australia has raised fears respecting Australian financial establishments, while the insolvency of Portugal has inflicted heavy losses upon investors and speculators. The country is all the less able to bear these fresh losses because of the great lock-up, consequent upon the breakdown in South America. Naturally there has been a sharp fall in American railroad securities, and indeed every department of the Stock Exchange has been depressed. The Paris Bourse, too, has been affected.

THE PRIME MINISTER AT EXETER.

A VERY eminent statesman, discussing the present Prime Minister a few months ago, remarked, "Lord Salisbury would be a great man if it were not for one thing—he is too fond of making vulgar speeches and rash speeches." The author of this judgment on the Chief of the Conservative party must have found in his speech at Exeter on Tuesday a confirmation of the opinion we have quoted. We suppose the strain of coarseness, amounting too often to positive vulgarity, which is noticeable whenever Lord Salisbury addresses a great gathering of his fellow-countrymen is due to the influence of heredity. Something of the same sort may at times be detected in the utterances of his nephew, Mr. Balfour. But, whatever may be the cause, it is certainly to be regretted that a man holding the great place of Lord Salisbury, not only in his party but in his country, should so frequently cause a shock to the nerves of his own friends and admirers by the curious coarseness and vulgarity of his ideas as they are set forth before popular audiences. There was more than enough of this element in the Exeter speech. But it is with its rashness rather than its coarseness that we are chiefly concerned. It was undeniably rash on the part of a Prime Minister who finds himself on the brink of a General Election with one breath to profess an utter indifference to defeats which have brought dismay and despair into the ranks of his party, and with the next to enter upon an elaborate but wholly fallacious calculation for the purpose of proving that the very reverses they have sustained imply victory in the future. Nor was it wise for Lord Salisbury to indulge in an almost extravagant panegyric of Free Education. It is quite true that we are indebted to him and his colleagues for a system of free schools, more or less sound; but it is notorious that the country has refused to thank them for a concession unmistakably wrung from their fears rather than founded upon their principles. Even the people who applauded him at Exeter cannot have forgotten that no man has more strenuously opposed Free Education than the present Prime Minister, and it was clearly a tactical mistake on his part to remind his audience of that which is his humiliation rather than his glory. It was rash, again, for Lord Salisbury to utter even the very guarded and modified approval of Mr. Chamberlain's notions of a National Pension system which fell from his lips. People are apt to remember praise when they forget the qualifications with which it has been accompanied, and some day Lord Salisbury himself will probably have reason to be sorry that he ever expressed approval of the singularly feeble and incomplete proposal for which Mr. Chamberlain has made himself responsible.

We may, however, leave to the members of his own party any further criticisms of the Prime Minister's ideas on the subject of social reform. It is doubtless refreshing to see that even Lord Salisbury has so far turned his back upon himself as to have come to the conclusion that the condition of the poor amongst us is not unworthy of the attention of statesmen. His confessions on this subject are of value, since they show that Ministers, clutching like drowning men at straws, are even willing to appropriate the policy of Mr. Arch and the New Socialists in the hope of thereby breaking their fall. But all this is of small consequence in comparison with that part of the Exeter speech which dealt with the General Election and the question of Home Rule. It was in his deliverances on these topics that Lord Salisbury reached the climax of rashness and folly. What, for example, could have been more foolish on the

part of a man who had just been assuring his hearers of his confidence of victory in the coming struggle than the remarks which he made about the House of Lords and the part it would play when Mr. Gladstone was next in office? It was all the more foolish thus to destroy the effect of his own vauntings because there is not a human being who is in the slightest degree frightened by his threats of the possible action of the Peers. Everybody knows that when the time comes Lord Salisbury will no more be able to induce the House of Lords to commit suicide than Lord Derby was in 1869. There are many Radicals who wish that it were otherwise, and who would be filled with joy if they could really believe that the Peers will act in the manner indicated by the Prime Minister. For our part, we hardly look upon the question as one of practical politics. The instinct of self-preservation is just as strong in a Peer as in any humbler person, and we can even believe that if the mortal combat to which Lord Salisbury so loudly challenges the nation were ever to be on the point of happening, the noble Marquis himself would follow the example of the redoubtable hero of whom it is recorded that "He fled full soon on the first of June, but bade the rest keep fighting."

As for his description of Home Rule, it reads like the attempt of an old school-dame to frighten into submission a number of children who have outgrown her authority. The cry of Separation, raised so loudly during the past six years, has ceased to terrify the most timid. Even the admirers of Mr. Balfour have come to the conclusion that the separation of Irish affairs from the affairs of the United Kingdom is not in itself an event which the world would greatly deplore; whilst the stale calumny which represents the Liberal party as anxious to bring about the destruction of the union between the two countries is no longer believed in by anybody. Conscious of this fact, the Prime Minister produces another bogey with which to strike terror into the hearts of his faltering followers. The granting of Home Rule to Ireland will, we are now told, involve not merely the rupture of the union between that country and this, but the destruction of the Empire as a whole. Our colonies, we are warned, will look upon the passing of a Home Rule Bill as the signal for their own withdrawal from an Empire which has been guilty of such an act of cowardice. It is difficult to deal seriously with an assertion so astounding and preposterous. We must, of course, assume that Lord Salisbury really believed the nonsense he uttered at Exeter; but, if so, in what sort of world has he been living during the past five years, and how is it that he alone among the people of Great Britain is ignorant of the fact that there is not a colony in all the wide limits of the Empire in which the majority of the inhabitants are not strongly in favour of Home Rule, and convinced that it must add to the strength and unity of the Empire as a whole? It was a fitting pendant to this extraordinary declaration that the Prime Minister should close his harangue with an appeal to the Jingoism of Englishmen which might have met with some response in 1878, but which sounds strangely out of date in 1892. We learned from bitter experience fourteen years ago in what Lord Salisbury believes the honour of England to consist, and even he might have been satisfied with the verdict which the nation at that epoch in its history pronounced upon the pretensions of himself and his friends to be the real guardians of that honour. To most people nowadays it seems that the Prime Minister is preaching the weakness rather than the strength of the Empire. His fears of

remote and impossible evils which are to spring from the consummation of a policy of justice smack more of cowardice than of heroism, whilst the craven counsels which in the name of the great god Jingo he pours into the ears of his followers are no less contemptible than they are hypocritical. Happily, as the General Election will prove, the majority of the people of Great Britain believe that the empire to which they are proud to belong, and whose glories they will never cease to cherish, is at least strong enough to do that which it knows to be right without dread of the consequences. "Be just, and fear not" is a text which very few persons amongst us besides Lord Salisbury himself are prepared to disregard.

Of the incredible folly of his reference to the members of the Roman Catholic Church it is needless to speak. Mr. Fowler said everything on that score which a Liberal can wish to say in his speech on Wednesday night. We can only condole with the unfortunate people who have seen their leader openly insult many members of his own party and one of his own colleagues. It is a *bêtise* to which only Lord Salisbury himself can supply a parallel, and it illustrates with singular clearness one side of his character. But what are we to think of his omission to say anything about the Irish Local Government Bill, the "great measure" which his own supporters look forward to with more of dread than of hope? If there were any sincerity in the professions of Ministers with regard to their Irish policy, this would, of course, have been the chief subject of political interest at the present moment. In less than a week Parliament will meet, and the Local Government Bill will be brought forward. But to the Prime Minister both these incidents seemed to be too trivial to be worthy of even a passing reference. What better comment can we desire on the real position and intentions of the Government?

OATHS AND EVIDENCE.

IT is a remarkable and singular coincidence that within three days—one of which was Sunday—there should have been two gross and glaring examples of the foolish and mischievous system under which oaths are administered to witnesses in this country. One of them resulted in a scandalous miscarriage of justice; the other only brought the law into contempt. Both alike should induce Parliament either to abolish oaths altogether, or at any rate to remove the question of a witness's religious belief from the purview of the tribunal before which he is called. The first and more serious case came before five judges on Saturday in a curious form. Two persons, a man and a woman, were convicted at the Quarter Sessions for North London of robbing an Indian gentleman named Lakhin Dass. Lakhin Dass expressed a wish to affirm instead of being sworn, and affirmed accordingly in the terms of the Oaths Act, which was passed in 1888. That statute, commonly known as "Bradlaugh's Act," provides that anyone—witness or not—required to take an oath may substitute for it an affirmation if he has no religious belief, or if taking an oath is contrary to the religious belief he has. The conditional words were not in the original Bill. They were inserted at the suggestion of the Government, and unwisely accepted by Mr. Bradlaugh to ensure the success of his measure. Now Lakhin Dass holds opinions which are shared by a very large proportion of educated mankind. He believes in the existence of a God. He respects all religious things. He

could swear upon any religious book which recognised the existence of a God. He was sworn at the police-court on the Bible. Yet he has no right to affirm instead of swearing, and because an usher, who knew no more about the matter than the man in the moon, allowed him to do so, a couple of thieves are turned adrift to recommence their predatory operations. Such no doubt is the law. The regularity of the proceedings could not be supported in a legal argument. Mr. Justice Wills, who has a turn for precision, put the question in what is called a nutshell. "To render the affirmation admissible," he said, "three things were necessary—(1) that the witness objected to be sworn, but he did not; (2) that he had a religious objection to take an oath, but he had none; or (3) that he had no religious belief, but he had." Sir William Maule himself could not have more tersely and thoroughly exposed the absurdity of the doctrines by which he was bound. A man of unimpeachable character, whose word a jury at once believed, cannot be heard to say who picked his pockets because he mumbled the wrong formula, and did not kiss a book he had never been taught to revere.

The other example of legal fatuity is only ridiculous, and involved no danger to the public. Miss Florence Nash, whose mother keeps lodgings in Bayswater, brought an action for breach of promise against Nawab Mahmoud Ali Khan, described as an Indian prince. The girl is no better than she ought to be, and her suit, very properly, failed. If, however, it had broken down because the evidence of her witness, Dr. Dutt, was rejected, she would have good reason to complain. Dr. Dutt, who is also a native of India, offered either to be sworn or to affirm. But he would not be sworn on the Testament. "I will swear," he added, "to tell the truth and the whole truth about this matter, and no humbug." It would be difficult to imagine a better frame of mind in which to enter the witness-box. Yet Mr. Justice Denman was compelled on Monday to follow the judgment delivered on Saturday, and reject the proffered testimony. Curiously enough, it was Mr. Denman who, as a Member of the House of Commons, brought in the first Bill for enabling atheists to testify. Like Mr. Bradlaugh, he framed a very sensible clause, "something like the form of oath" suggested by Dr. Dutt, and the House of Commons passed it. But the House of Lords, which has mutilated almost every good Bill it dared not throw out for the last sixty years, inserted a silly amendment to secure the principle of religious inquisition. How any sane man can think that people without religious belief should be permitted to affirm, and people with such belief should be compelled to swear or to hold their peace, we are wholly at a loss to imagine. John Bright used to inveigh with great force against all oaths, on the ground that they set up two standards of truth, and fostered the impression that a lie was venial if not accompanied with perjury. To some extent there must be the double standard deprecated by the illustrious Quaker. No man of the world will ever consider that in telling a good story at a dinner-table he is under the same obligation to strict veracity as if he were being examined on a trial for murder. But it is not the oath which makes the difference. It is the nature of the respective consequences to which inaccuracy in either instance would lead. A man who is not deterred from lying by the sense of moral responsibility, or the fear of penal servitude, is not likely to be moved by hackneyed words proceeding from the mouth of a judge's clerk. No human being really supposes that God will punish him for perjury in a running-down case, and will pardon him for affirming away the life of an innocent fellow-creature.

If oaths must be maintained for those who enjoy the luxury of swearing, at least, in the name of common-sense and common decency, let those who prefer it affirm.

A MORAL FOR LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

IT is a very pretty moral, too, that is taught by the story of the negotiations between Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the Tories of East Worcestershire. We commend it to our Liberal Unionist friends throughout the country, for in it they will find the fullest confirmation of the warnings which we have more than once addressed to them in these pages. East Worcestershire, as all the world knows, is at the present moment unfortunately in want of a candidate to fight the battle of the Government at the next General Election. It is one of those constituencies which lie within what may be called the political radius of Birmingham. What more natural in these circumstances than that a member of the Chamberlain family should be suggested as a fitting person to fill the vacancy? The gentleman who on this occasion was put forward to uphold the honour of the Chamberlain family and the Unionist cause was no less a personage than the son of Mr. Chamberlain himself. He is, from all that we can learn, a young man of decided ability and distinct political promise. It might well have been supposed that the "united" Ministerialists of East Worcestershire would have been only too glad to secure him as their representative. Mr. Austen Chamberlain himself appears to have been by no means anxious to come forward for this particular constituency. Another, and what he doubtless regards as a more promising, opportunity had already been offered to him. But, in response to the urgent entreaties of his local friends and of the admirers of the family, he seems to have consented to stand for East Worcestershire if the Tories and Dissident Liberals of that division wished to secure his services. Under these circumstances all ought to have gone as merry as a marriage bell. But an unaccountable hitch arose when young Mr. Chamberlain was brought face to face with the leaders of the Tory party in the constituency. They were quite willing to take him, it would appear; but only upon certain conditions. Their constitutional souls had been alarmed and revolted by one of the recent utterances of his august parent. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody is aware, recently wrote a letter in which he set forth his views upon the question of Welsh Disestablishment. The epistle was at once remarkably frank and almost incredibly foolish. In it he warned Welshmen that if they, like himself, were anxious to bring about the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, they would do well not to vote for Mr. Gladstone at the General Election, inasmuch as he was already pledged to put Home Rule in the first place in his programme.

Of the bearing of the letter upon Mr. Chamberlain's own fortunes and characteristics there is no need to speak here, but it has undoubtedly had a damaging effect upon the prospects of his son and heir. The East Worcestershire Tories, though anxious to secure a young man of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's promise, and probably not unwilling to associate themselves still more closely with the Birmingham politician, were resolved to "stand no nonsense" on the subject of Disestablishment either in Wales or in England. They accordingly—so runs the tale—insisted that the young candidate, before being finally accepted by them, should give a promise not to vote against the Establishment. Other

questions may have been raised in connection with his political programme, but of these we know nothing. What seems to be clear is that if he had been accepted as the candidate of the Ministerialists in this particular division, he would have found himself fettered on one of the subjects on which his father's Liberalism is still apparently unchanged. Greatly to his credit Mr. Austen Chamberlain at first refused to take the pledge thus offered to him. At the same time the East Worcestershire Tories were warned, with that portentous solemnity which Mr. Chamberlain knows so well how to assume, that perseverance in the course they were taking would endanger the great alliance and bring about something worse than the disruption of the Empire—the disunion of the Unionist party. Sad to say, in spite of the warning which they thus received, they resolutely adhered to the line they had marked out for themselves, and failing to obtain from Mr. Austen Chamberlain the pledge for which they asked, threatened to transfer their support to a Tory with whom on all points they are likely to find themselves in agreement. It ought to be said that the sitting member for East Worcestershire, Mr. G. W. Hastings, is not a Conservative but a Liberal Unionist, and that therefore, in accordance with the Salisbury-Hartington compact, the constituency is one of those which ought to be represented at the next election by a member of the Liberal Unionist party. It is hardly necessary to point the moral of the little tale. Whether Mr. Austen Chamberlain has adhered to his own principles, or, as the latest news would seem to indicate, has yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him, the moral of the story is equally forcible. It shows on what terms, and what terms only the Tories are willing to maintain their present relations with the Liberal Unionists. It is not in East Worcestershire alone that the Tories are girding under the burden of the yoke imposed upon them when they accepted the help of the Liberal Unionist crutch. Nor can we wonder at the fact that both there and elsewhere they are quickly making up their minds to fight their future battles on their own ground, and in the interests of their own party alone. Everywhere outside of Birmingham—and possibly in Birmingham also—the Liberal Unionists are a feeble folk, day by day diminishing in numbers and in influence, though not in their supreme feeling of self-righteousness. Day by day, too, the fact is becoming more strongly impressed upon the minds of the Tories that their one chance of holding their own in future struggles lies in their frank adherence to their own principles. Thus another blow, not quite so great perhaps as that which they received in Rossendale a fortnight ago, but undoubtedly serious of its kind, has been dealt at the unfortunate body of Dissident Liberals, and this time the blow is delivered from within their own camp. It is impossible not to feel a certain degree of pity for men whose fate is so clearly sealed, even though many of us may feel not only that this fate has from the first been foreshadowed, but that it is in every respect deserved. But, setting aside this natural sentiment of compassion for a fallen foe, we cannot but acknowledge that the little incident in East Worcestershire proves once more the folly of those who imagined that it was possible for a party like that led by the Duke of Devonshire to maintain the thoroughly unsound and inequitable position which it was enabled by the fortune of war to assume in 1886. For Mr. Joseph Chamberlain himself this unfortunate episode in the political history of his family will hardly tend to encourage him at the outset of his new duties as deputy-leader of the Liberal Unionist party.

THE NEWMAN STATUE.

IT would have been well had the original design of the Executive Committee of the Newman Memorial been carried out. A majority of the Catholic members, including the Duke of Norfolk, were of opinion that a statue of Newman ought to be erected in London. Had this proposal been adopted, we should have heard little or nothing of a controversy that has roused the sectarian animus which civilisation makes such ineffectual efforts to quell. A public meeting was held in Oxford the other day to protest against the grant of a site in Broad Street for the proposed monument, and intermixed with the very reasonable objections to the choice of such a spot for such a purpose was the inevitable bark of theological animosity. Canon Ince cannot have been gratified when his allusion to Newman's secession from the Anglican Church was greeted with the cry of "Judas!"; nor can he have listened with enthusiastic accord to the rhetorical chairman, who informed his auditors that they owed civil and religious liberty and an open Bible to Protestantism, and asked them whether they wished "to have these things undone." A sense of proportion is the last element which enters the mind of your sectarian, so it is useless to ask Councillor Underhill how on earth a statue of Cardinal Newman can deprive us of civil and religious liberty. But once let loose the dogs of religious dispute, and you are sure to be deafened by irrational clamour before the real merits of the case can be discerned. In the present instance it was unfortunate that the Memorial Committee should have chosen Oxford at all. In London they might have found a convenient site without reproach. They might even have invoked the aid of the County Council without exposing that body to any charge more ridiculous than the odium which is already heaped upon it. Probably it would have been discovered by some Conservative sage that the Progressives were bent upon the restoration of Ultramontaniam, and this would have been connected by the usual logic with an increase of the rates. But, on the whole, a statue of Newman in London might have escaped anything worse than the beautifying dew for which our metropolitan atmosphere is famous. The cosmetics of a climate which has no appreciation of statuary might have speedily brought the Cardinal's effigy to the complexion to which every London statue must come at last. But public opinion would not have been rent by theological passion, and no heed would have been paid to any stray iconoclast who argued that our open Bible would be shut by the addition of a Roman Cardinal to the sooty images which cast a classic gloom on many of our thoroughfares.

Quite as blameless would have been the choice of Birmingham, which is rich in Newman's associations, and where the political kinship of the Duke of Norfolk with Mr. Chamberlain might have induced that potentate to unveil the statue, and to make some impressive remarks about the superiority of English Catholics to the "uncivilised" Papists of Ireland who trouble the dreams of the Prime Minister. But having, with dubious propriety, chosen Oxford, the Committee fell into the error of endeavouring to identify the city in its corporate capacity with the subscribers to the memorial. It would be manifestly fitting enough to erect a statue of Newman within the precincts of his old college of Trinity. There it would have no aggressively ecclesiastical meaning, even to the sensitive soul of Councillor Underhill. It would simply be the memorial of a great collegian, whose noble character and splendid gifts might speak to the wayward undergraduate with the

persuasiveness of perpetual marble. But what could have possessed Lord Halifax to imagine that Broad Street, of all places in Oxford, was the most appropriate site? To set up a monument of Newman within a few yards of the memorial of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, would be rather too strong an assumption that the embers of bigotry are quite cold. There may come a time, incalculably remote, when the trophies of the mighty dead will be criticised on grounds happily free from theological odium. But in our present imperfect state it is a little too much to expect a city steeped like Oxford in the memories of religious strife to erect her first statue to a man who represents traditions which are still too sinister to be covered by the blessed mantle of time. Even three centuries after the martyrdom of the Protestant bishops it would savour of irony to give their monument a neighbour in the person of a Cardinal of the communion which used their bodies for the beacon-fires of intolerance. The Oxford Town Council has exercised a sound judgment in declining to put this strain upon the public spirit of the citizens, though the question of some other site in the city is left open. A statue of Newman in Broad Street would proclaim to all the world that this was the man above all men whom Oxford delighted to honour. There is a certain moral exaggeration, it may be, in most monuments; hyperbole finds its expression in sculpture as well as in epitaphs. But such a tribute from Oxford to Newman would be so grossly out of proportion to the real relations between them that the advocates of the rejected site must be conscious by this time that they have overshot the mark. They have unfortunately roused a spirit which it is the aim of every liberal mind to subdue, and one of the main objects of a national education to extinguish. But their error can be at least partially retrieved by the selection of a spot where the statue of a great Englishman can stand, as the Rector of Exeter College has admirably said, amidst general approval and goodwill. Religious toleration in this country is not so hardy a plant that it can be subjected with impunity to the rudest stress of weather. It must be sedulously cultivated not only by a bold stand against narrow prejudice, but by the exercise of delicate tact. Let us offer our homage, by all means, to a great intellect and a lofty soul, even though they were employed for ends which the majority of Englishmen can never accept. But to demand this homage from a particular community which regarded the Cardinal in his life-time as a seceder from the truth, and which still lives amidst echoes of the conflict that was provoked by his historic breach with the Church of his early devotion, is an act of grave imprudence. There are cities in which one statue more or less would not greatly disturb the public equanimity, but in Oxford stones have a significance and even a speech which possess the vivid force of history, and to some perfervid minds of prophecy too.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE decision of the majority of the new London School Board to stop the erection of swimming-baths is a very timely example of the old and as yet unexercised spirit of London government. As yet the School Board has no swimming-baths; it has only proposed to erect them. The new Board has promptly countermanded the order to the Works Committee, and has placed on formal record its determination to run London education on the cheap. The stopping resolution was moved by a clergyman of the Established Church, some of whose most ardent defenders seem determined, now as often

heretofore, to give the Liberationists every possible opening for attack upon her, but its importance is not confined to its educational aspect. It offers a useful illustration of the rival methods of administration which are in direct issue in the County Council Election. The Duke of Westminster's clients were too clever to say directly that they denied a swimming-bath to 20,000 children in one of the poorest and most crowded districts in London because they thought it was too good for them. The pretence was that the local authorities ought to do the work. Of course, it was a mere pretence. Swimming is a code subject, allowed by Sir William Hart Dyke and a generally conservative Education Department, and on any proper view of education it is an obvious part of the training of working boys, who may become sailors, fishermen, workers in the vast shipping industries of the ports of London, or on the inland waterways. It is therefore emphatically the business of the Board and not of this or that vestry to provide it. The provision of baths and washhouses is, it is true, left to the local authorities, who, in the large majority of London parishes, are too timid and unenterprising to carry it out. But this does not cover the object the School Board had in view, which was the provision of an essential part of physical education. Even if it did, we have an example in the administration of the few baths and washhouses existing of the wisdom of acting, as a rule, from a central authority. London is *par excellence* the grimy city of the civilised world, and it is of course in the poorest neighbourhoods, where the dirtiest trades prevail, and where hundreds of families are restricted to a single room, that the need for public washing is so startlingly apparent. But the poor vestries will not move, for fear of the ratepayer, and there is no collective charge for the cleanliness which ancient Rome, where Emperor and common people shared the public *balneæ*, secured as part of her municipal life. The reactionaries on the School Board are therefore safe in handing over the Southwark children to the parish authorities.

A better case for the expansion of our municipal revenue could not be adduced, and a clear debt is due to the Duke of Westminster and other ground landlords who have put before the people of London the only terms on which the growth of their collective life can be ensured. But mark the circumspection of the anti-reform campaigners. The County Council is now being attacked for neglecting its administrative business in order to constitute itself an advising body on questions of local taxation. The attack is amply parried by the undeniable fact that in every single department of administration the County Council has incomparably bettered the record of its predecessor. So far as London can be governed well on slender and inelastic resources (half the rate of nearly 1s. in the £ for which the Council is responsible goes in payment of interest on the old extravagantly compiled debt of the Metropolitan Board) it has been superlatively well ruled. But the result has been obtained at the cost of postponing useful street improvements, of finding new arteries for the thick-flowing stream of industrial life which pours out through its obstructed channels, of leaving all but the fringe of the housing question, and of continuing the crushing tribute to private monopolies. The Council has been compelled to act as the thrifty steward of an embarrassed estate, and it has proceeded with commendable prudence. But none the less it is vital to London to insist that there shall be brought into its common fund the property which is its peculiar right, for it arises and grows as the product of the general enterprise of its citizens.

We doubt, therefore, whether in the whole history

of politics a more impudently scandalous attempt was ever made than that of a few rich men, mostly ground landlords and their hired servants—the instruments of a system as oppressive as was ever devised in the interests of idleness against industry—to stay the entire progress of municipal reform, and to throw London back to vestrydom, for no other reason than to save their own pockets. The Huns of the West End, who have descended on the East in order to keep it poor, miserable, badly housed, badly fed, and badly lighted, to scant its children's meagre education, and to depress their physical as well as their moral and intellectual standard, must surely have reckoned without the renaissance of public spirit which the exemplary record of London's first Parliament has aroused. We welcome therefore the promised action of the Nonconformist Council in the forthcoming elections. It is quite possible to make London a true *civitas Dei*, if the men who preach to it Sunday by Sunday will, from every Dissenting pulpit, proclaim to their congregations that the social salvation of the great city lies in their hands. It will not be enough to acclaim the Council for what it has done; its Progressive majority must be sent back to power with a mandate to Mr. Ritchie for the immediate enlargement of London's corporate life and of the resources by which it is sustained.

THE PORTUGUESE DEBT COMPROMISE.

JUST a week ago to-day the new Portuguese Minister of Finance explained in the Cortes the measures proposed by his Government for restoring order in the finances. The explanation appears to have been fairly well received at first, but the more it has been considered the less it is liked, and now in Portugal itself as well as abroad the feeling is becoming general that very great changes will have to be made in the scheme. And we think that there is exceedingly good ground for the change of opinion. At the present time the debt of Portugal amounts very nearly to £150,000,000 sterling, and the rate of interest, generally speaking, is 3 per cent. Thus the annual charge for the debt amounts, in round figures, to about £4,500,000 sterling. We have pointed out again and again in this journal that the country is not able to defray such a charge, and that in fact it has paid the interest for many years past only by constant borrowing abroad. Now the credit of the country has broken down borrowing has become impossible; nearly everything that could be sold, except the colonies, has been disposed of, and the new Ministry is compelled to acknowledge that the country cannot bear the burden it has taken upon itself. Therefore the new Finance Minister proposes to impose an income-tax of 30 per cent. upon the holders of internal bonds as well as upon the foreign bondholders whose interest is paid in Portugal. But the bondholders, internal as well as external, will be allowed to free themselves from this tax if they accept the compromise offered to the foreign bondholders. That compromise is in an alternative form: either the bondholders may agree to take bonds for half the nominal value of their existing bonds, or they may refuse to reduce the capital of the debt, and may accept half the present rate of interest. The interest in every case is to be paid in gold, and a portion of the taxes is to be set aside to give assurance to the bondholders that the compromise will be conscientiously carried out. At the same time, the Minister proposes to cut down the public salaries from 5 per cent. to 20 per cent., according to the amount of the salary; to

increase the supplementary tax of 6 per cent. which is now added to all existing imposts by from 10 to 20 per cent.; and, as already stated, to levy an internal income-tax on bondholders of 30 per cent. Now, it is clear that these proposals for increasing the revenue are quite insufficient, and in a great degree illusory. A reduction of salaries cannot be expected to yield very much; and the plan of simply raising all existing taxes from 10 to 20 per cent. is unscientific and very objectionable. What is wanted is a judicious reform of the existing fiscal system, not a mere raising all round of bad taxes. But perhaps the most objectionable proposal of all—looked at from the point of view of the foreign bondholder—is that for imposing an income-tax of only 30 per cent. upon the internal bondholders. The internal bondholders ought clearly not to be treated better than the foreign. But if the internal bondholders are to be paid in gold, then a tax of 30 per cent. is a favour to them when the foreign bondholders are asked to submit to a reduction of their interest of 50 per cent. It may be, of course, that the internal bondholders are to be paid either in silver or in paper. If so, that would alter the matter. But in any case it would seem better to treat all bondholders exactly alike.

Coming now to the offer made to the foreign bondholders, it seems to us that some evidence ought to be afforded to them that Portugal cannot pay more than half the interest which it has contracted to pay. It is quite possible that the fact is so. Personally, we are inclined to think that it is. But it is undoubtedly hard upon the bondholders to ask them to take the word of the Government without any kind of proof being offered that the country cannot do more to fulfil its engagements. Furthermore, it seems not unreasonable that the bondholders should ask that the reduction of interest should not be permanent—we take for granted that the bondholders will not agree to a reduction in the capital of the debt; that would be a mistake from every point of view. In the first place, if the debt of Portugal were now to be reduced by one-half, it is reasonably certain that as soon as the credit of the country begins to improve and the great financial houses of Europe are ready once more to bring out loans and companies, Portugal will borrow again. With a debt of, let us say, £75,000,000 sterling, it will seem that she is in a position to pay more interest than will then be chargeable, and thus the existing bondholders will submit to sacrifices now only to see the debt grow by-and-by possibly to its present excessive amount, and therefore to find that they will once more be threatened with a proposal to make fresh sacrifices. Were it only for this reason we think the bondholders will be well advised to refuse even to listen to the proposal for a reduction of the capital of the debt. But of course they must accept a reduction of the interest. Beyond all question Portugal cannot pay £4,500,000 sterling every year, and if she cannot, it would be folly on the part of the bondholders to insist that she must. As already said, we think that the Portuguese Government ought to produce some kind of evidence to satisfy the bondholders that they must accept only half the present interest. But assuming that that point is made clear, the bondholders as reasonable men will agree to the necessary sacrifice. On the other hand, if they take half the interest which according to contract they are entitled to, it seems only fair that Portugal on her side should undertake to increase the rate of interest once more as soon as she is in a position to do so. The bondholders ought not to try to drive a hard bargain.

Even for their own sakes that would be unwise. It would compel the Portuguese Government in its anxiety to maintain the credit of the country to promise to do more than in fact it can do, and thus would bring about a state of things very soon nearly as bad as now exists. And as humane men the bondholders will bear in mind that if they exact too great sacrifices from the Portuguese taxpayers they will simply plunge the country into serious distress. Therefore, from every point of view, it will be wise on the part of the bondholders to do what is really necessary to enable the Portuguese Government to restore order in the finances. But when the bondholders give clear proof that they are ready to make every reasonable sacrifice, they may fairly ask in return, we think, that as soon as the country recovers prosperity it will increase somewhat the rate of interest payable.

To make the compromise more palatable to the foreign bondholders, the Minister of Finance stated that the Government would guarantee the payment of the reduced interest in gold. But the bondholders are hardly likely to attach very much importance to that. The word "guarantee" sounds very well; but we would ask, What is the value of a guarantee from an insolvent Government at the very time that it is proposing to reduce the annual debt charge by one half? The bondholders must not be misled by words. What they have seriously to consider is, firstly, the ability of Portugal to pay in the future what she now undertakes to pay. If they exact too much, no guarantee will avail; if they exact only what is reasonable, we do not doubt that every Portuguese Government will be eager to maintain the credit of the State. The second thing the bondholders will have to consider seriously is the amount of the taxes which it is proposed to hand over to them for ensuring the regular payment of the interest. If these taxes are enough for the purpose, then no guarantee is necessary; all that is required is that the Government shall conscientiously fulfil its new engagements. Thirdly, the bondholders will have to consider who is to have control of these new taxes. Are they to be paid into a separate account as soon as they are collected, and are representatives of the bondholders to be in a position to prevent any tampering with these funds once they are paid in? If not, if the Government is not merely to collect the taxes but is to have full control over them until the time for paying the coupons comes round, then the arrangement has as little value as the proposed guarantee. On the other hand, if the taxes are paid into a separate account as soon as they are collected, and cannot be used for any other purpose but paying the bondholders, that clearly is a valid guarantee. In conclusion, we would advise the bondholders to meet the Portuguese Government in a friendly spirit, to bear in mind that they will injure themselves if they insist upon too much, and that, upon the other hand, they will improve their own position if they improve the credit of Portugal. But while they show themselves ready to make every reasonable sacrifice, they ought, at the same time, to insist that the compromise shall be such that it will promise to prove sufficient for the purpose, and final.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week has seen the inauguration of the two rival systems of regulation which for the next few years will control the commercial intercourse of the States of Continental Europe. Central Europe is now under a set of elaborate arrangements, based essentially, it is true, on Protectionist ideas, but at any rate devised to facilitate international trade in

certain products, and guaranteed a duration of twelve years. France, on the other hand, is all but isolated—so far, at least, as her fiscal system can effect it—and such arrangements as exist with other Continental countries are of the most unstable kind. With only one country—Sweden—has she yet been able to conclude a permanent convention. Even that is only certain to last for twelve months. With Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium the existing arrangement—that is to say, the application to the products of those countries of the French minimum tariff in return for certain concessions on the part of each of them as regards French goods—may be altered at any moment. With Germany, thanks to the Treaty of Frankfort—the product, as a Geneva paper ironically reminds her, of the war of 1871—she is still secured a considerable amount of commercial intercourse. But her negotiations with Spain are at a standstill, and the two nations are doing their best, with the aid of maximum tariffs, to exclude each other's products from their markets. With Italy and with Portugal her relations are similar. With Greece she has concluded an arrangement to last only until July 31st. No French manufacturer in any of the trades affected can at present say with confidence whether it will be worth his while producing for the Continental markets some five or six months hence. Thus does France further her own industries. It is noticeable that French Protectionists now treat the tariff less as a means of protection against foreign imports than as a method of securing concessions from other countries with regard to the admission of certain French exports. The French public are being assured by Protectionist organs that the negotiations with Spain will be resumed presently, that the duties which affect the import of Spanish wines are really meant to keep out "German alcohols," and that by-and-by arrangements will be concluded and concessions secured. At present, the prospect of all this is anything but hopeful. And as the Customs officers of France have hastily to master 150 pages of tariff and 126 of minute instructions, their lot at present is not a happy one.

The change of system has of course been marked by a few notable incidents. The frontier stations of France, especially towards Spain, have been crammed with goods trains, which it was desired should pass the frontier before the new *régime* should come into operation. At one station (Cerbère) there were at one time a thousand waggons, and eight hundred more were waiting at neighbouring stations on the French side. All passed in good time. "Acres of barrels" of Spanish wine were lying about at a French frontier station. A train loaded with rolling-stock for a new Spanish narrow-gauge line—on which 18,000 francs duty would have been due had it arrived late—passed into Spain just in time, amid the cheers of the spectators. Sixty vessels were in the port of Cette on Monday waiting to discharge. Some Spanish ports, too, were crowded, and there were some exciting races against time.

The Franco-Bulgarian incident has been partially reopened by a note from M. Ribot declining to recognise that the affair involved a question of principle. But this will hardly have serious consequences.

On Tuesday the Belgian Premier announced in the Chamber the scheme of Constitutional revision proposed by the Government. There is to be an occupation franchise, somewhat on the English plan; disputed elections, as in England, are to be dealt with by the Courts, and not by the Chamber; there is to be a redistribution of seats; the Referendum may be substituted for the Royal power of veto (as proposed by M. de Laveleye); the State is to have power to acquire colonies; all male members of the Royal Family are to sit in the Senate, and, should male heirs to the Crown fail, the King is to have power to designate his successor. Though each proposition is to be voted on separately, all are to be discussed together. The present Chamber, however, is only to specify the

Articles to be revised. The Bill is to be referred to a Committee while the Budget is under discussion, and then not to be dealt with until the General Election, which will take place about the end of May. The question, in fact, is again postponed, though only for a week or two. It is clear, from the utterances of prominent politicians in the debate and elsewhere, that both parties are much divided as to the franchise proposals, which are the most important part of the scheme. The proposal to allow the King to submit a law passed by the Chambers to a popular vote seems condemned alike by Clericals, Liberals, and Socialists. Universal suffrage, insisted on by the Labour party, has a few Clerical partisans, and is not uniformly supported by the Liberals. The Socialists have resolved that during the debate their committee shall sit daily and organise demonstrations, and that there shall be one grand demonstration of a very imposing kind. Judging by the past conduct of the Government, this will lead to bloodshed. The police, it is said, were prepared for a disturbance in the streets on Tuesday, but nothing happened.

The Prussian Elementary Education Bill was read a first time on Saturday, and referred to a Committee representing all parties. The Ministerial crisis, therefore, is postponed for three weeks or so. On Friday, after a strong speech against the Bill from Professor Virchow, Count von Caprivi delivered a violent harangue, treating the issue as one between Christianity and Atheism. This was received with strong protests by the Liberals and National Liberals. On Saturday his tone was more conciliatory, and met with some response from the latter. Herr von Miquel has not yet resigned the Ministry of Finance, nor Herr von Bennigsen, the National Liberal leader, his Presidency of Hanover, and the Liberals proper are beginning to doubt whether their coalition with the National Liberals will take place after all. Of course the Bill is mainly inspired by the Emperor—to some extent as a weapon against Social Democracy, and partly as a concession to the Catholic Centre.

Much has been made this week by the English press of a confidential circular dealing with the outrageous cruelties practised by non-commissioned officers on privates in the Saxon army, issued by Prince George of Saxony, as commander of an army corps, to his subordinate officers, and published by a Socialist paper. In the Prussian army such cruelties are an old story. A book giving the experiences of a private, published last year, contained a number of instances, and others are occasionally mentioned in German newspapers. Striking and kicking privates (often in a manner which sends them into hospital) we believe to be common enough. But the instances referred to in the circular involve grosser and more elaborate cruelty than usual. Such are the amenities of life in the model army of the world!

It is difficult to say exactly how much ground the Hungarian Government has lost in the General Election. It still commands a majority of about three-fifths of the Chamber, but it dissolved Parliament because obstruction was rampant, and it has lost at least fourteen—probably twenty-three—seats to the Obstructionists. The Radicals, the "Nationalists" led by Count Apponyi, and the "Irreconcilables" led by M. Ugron, together make up the Opposition. All of them, however, will support a greater measure of Home Rule for Hungary, with a separate army and separate foreign embassies. They desire, indeed, that the only link with Austria shall be the Imperial Crown. The conflict has been very bitter. Serious rioting has taken place, attended in at least three cases with loss of life, and detailed accounts have been published by Opposition papers of the sums spent by the Government in electoral corruption, which one report gives at two million florins. Of course, all this has been officially contradicted.

In Bohemia also the Nationalist cause has received a fresh accession of strength. Two years ago a compromise was arranged between the German

and Czech parties in the Bohemian Landtag, involving among other provisions the distinction of German and Czech districts—that is, districts in which German or Czech respectively should be the official language. The delimitation of these districts is now in progress, but the representatives of the landowning nobility in the Landtag (or, according to the German party, a “fraction” of them) are anxious to postpone the question until the scheme can be discussed as a whole. This delay is entirely in accordance with the wishes of the Young Czechs, who repudiate the compromise altogether. Under the circumstances, Herr von Plener, leader of the German (and centralising) Liberals in the Reichsrath, has decided not to accept the judicial preferment recently offered to him, but to remain in political life.

In Italy a Bill has just been introduced by the Government to prevent the dispersion of the great galleries of the various princely families. Suspicion having been aroused by the conduct of Prince Sciarra in excluding from his gallery not only the public, but the emissaries of the Minister of Public Instruction, that functionary sequestered the pictures—the gallery having originally been formed under a special patent from the Pope, which puts its possessor for the time being in the position of a trustee. Ten of the most valuable pictures are missing. Pending the discussion of the Bill, special vigilance is to be exercised on the frontiers and in the neighbourhood of certain galleries. The alleged slackness of the Minister of Public Instruction, both in this matter and in the recent University disturbances at Turin and Naples, may lead to his resignation.

A somewhat threatening demonstration of unemployed in Rome was dispersed by the police on Monday.

We deal elsewhere with the crisis in Portugal.

Fresh trouble has arisen between Servia and Bulgaria. The latter has demanded the extradition of certain political refugees—in particular M. Rizoff, who was concerned in the Panitza plot. The Servian Government has very naturally declined, but has undertaken to confine M. Rizoff in a fortress. Whether it has yet done so is not clear.

The retirement is announced of the Russian Minister of Railways, M. Hübbenet, partly in consequence of a certain overlapping of his department by that of the Minister of Finance, chiefly because of the block of grain traffic on the railways. M. Durnovo, Minister of the Interior, is also expected to retire. The famine news is as bad as ever.

The Chilian difficulty has considerably intensified the antagonism between Mr. Blaine and President Harrison.

THE SECRET OF MR. SPURGEON.

IT is not a common chance which has robbed the two great branches of English Nonconformity—the Catholic and the Puritan—of their two most eminent men within a few days. The tributes which have been paid to Mr. Spurgeon by the press of all sections of opinion have been so generous as well as just that they leave little to be said by those who held him in special regard. His was a great and striking individuality, and he had impressed it upon the imaginations of his fellow-countrymen as no other ecclesiastic of his time succeeded in doing. Not even Cardinal Manning had gained the place in common English speech, in the ideas and the hearts of his contemporaries, which was held by Mr. Spurgeon. And this place he secured, it should be remembered, not by the aid of any extraneous circumstances, not by the imposing picturesqueness of great rank in a splendid hierarchy, and still less by playing a prominent part in connection with our social or political movements, but solely in virtue of his merits and qualities as a minister of the Church to which he belonged. Mr. Spurgeon was “the pastor of the Tabernacle” and the chief of the

organisation which he had gradually built up around that place of worship. That was all. He took no part in the life of “society”; was never seen at West End dinner-tables; never attended political meetings; scrupulously refrained from frequenting the Lobby of the House of Commons; bore no title—eschewing even that of “reverend”—and died, as he had lived, a simple Dissenting Minister, such as the silliest curate of the High Church party thinks himself entitled to hold in contempt. Yet his death is universally regarded as a loss to the nation at large, and the newspapers of every party and sect vie with each other in paying honour to his memory.

What was the secret of this great man's success in life? How comes it that in death the all but unlettered preacher takes rank beside, if not before, the illustrious prince of the Church of Rome who was carried to his grave by his sorrowing friends two weeks ago? It is not an easy matter to answer these questions, and yet the attempt to do so is well worth making. Unquestionably the foundation of Mr. Spurgeon's success was his wonderful gift as a preacher. We said some months ago, when he was lying very ill, that among the natural orators of this generation he stood next to Mr. Bright. We see now that some are inclined to belittle his oratorical powers. It can only be because they have not themselves been “under the wand of the magician.” No one who has will question the fact that Mr. Spurgeon was endowed with gifts as an orator such as hardly any other man of his time possessed. Of course his eloquence was not like that of Mr. Gladstone or Canon Liddon, for example. It even differed in certain essentials from that of Mr. Bright, which, on the whole, it most nearly resembled. But of its own kind there was nothing to equal it in the pulpit of any church in the land. If the preacher at the Tabernacle never essayed “the poet's star-crowned harp to sweep,” if he scrupulously avoided the ornate flights of eloquence which are so dear to most orators, he never failed to make his admirable prose sink even into the most unwilling ears. Many men went to the Tabernacle, especially in its early days, prepared to scoff. Few came away without owning that they had listened to a man who had literally compelled them to attend to all he said, and whose bright, simple, picturesque, and always forcible utterances were pitched in a key which attuned itself to every ear, and found entrance to every heart.

But other Churches have had preachers of an eloquence hardly inferior to that of Mr. Spurgeon. How comes it that they never won the hearts of the people of Great Britain as he did? Canon Liddon, whose name occurs so naturally when we speak of pulpit eloquence; Bishop Alexander, Archbishop Magee, and many others, might fairly have competed, so far as mere gifts of speech were concerned, with the pastor of the Tabernacle. Yet not one of them held his place in English life, or anything approaching to it. We mean no disrespect to these eminent men when we say that Mr. Spurgeon's triumph, his unrivalled success in holding the hearts of so large a body of his fellow-countrymen, was distinctly a triumph of character. It was not merely because of his pulpit eloquence, it was certainly not because of any intellectual superiority to his fellow-teachers and preachers, that he was trusted and esteemed so much above them all. It was because the great British public had arrived at the conviction that he was absolutely sincere, simple, unpretending, and straightforward. Great preachers and leaders in other Churches, such as those of Rome and England, have at times laid themselves open to the suspicion that their loyalty to their Church was higher than their loyalty to their own consciences. Incapable of acting unfairly towards an opponent for any personal reason, they were still believed to be capable of such unfairness in the interests of the great ecclesiastical organisations to which they belonged. Mr. Spurgeon, from first to last, was

never suspected of this at all events; and when in the fulness of time he had to choose between what he held to be the truth and continued association with the Baptist Union, he did not hesitate to sacrifice the latter. There have been preachers of rare gifts in the Free Churches of England and Scotland who could command crowded congregations whenever they appeared, who had a large and devoted following of admirers, but who could never touch or reach the larger public because of a certain suspicion of charlatanry or self-seeking attaching to them. For thirty years past Mr. Spurgeon has been as free from the faintest suggestion of such a suspicion as it was possible for any human being to be; and men everywhere have known that it was his Master, not himself, on whose service he was bent.

In this triumph of personal character, and in one other feature of his life's-work, we may read the secret of his astonishing success. That other feature was the stern fidelity he showed from first to last to the Puritan creed of his forefathers. In this, as in everything else, his motto was "Thorough!" With him, at least, there was no tampering with modern doubts, modern speculations, new discoveries in science, the higher criticism. Never for a moment did he waver in his conviction that the truth he had learned as a boy was everything. The world, sweeping onwards, finds the stars which shone of old with so clear and steady a lustre changing their place in the firmament and growing dim with the growing years, whilst new stars spring into view and draw to themselves the wondering gaze of the multitude. For Mr. Spurgeon, as for all of us, new stars might spring into being; but to his mind they could have only one purpose, one mission—the renewing and extending of the glory of the Sun of his worship. It is something in a faithless age, or, in what is still worse, an indifferent and invertebrate age, to meet with one whose faith can withstand every assault, whose trust would remain unshaken if all the world were to turn against him. And the creed to which Mr. Spurgeon clung with this ardent love and confidence was the creed which the great mass of the English people had been taught from their cradles upwards. Is it wonderful that when the old Puritanism was preached, not merely with such eloquence, but with such genuine fervour of conviction, the preacher should have rallied round himself thousands and scores of thousands who found in him the very champion and leader for whom they had long been hoping and praying? Narrow-minded, bigoted, crude, ignorant—all these terms of reproach were flung in turn at Mr. Spurgeon, and they hurt him no more than did the passing breeze. Nor can those who knew him and who knew his preaching forget that, despite the stern fidelity which he showed to a creed that is no longer that of the world, he had a heart filled with love for his fellow-creatures, with compassion for the sinner, with the burning desire that when the end of all things had come, and the Great Account was closed, no human soul which had found itself moved by the Divine Spirit might fail of salvation. And with it all he was no priest. Never once were the sympathies of a priest-hating people ruffled by the slightest assumption of spiritual authority on the part of their teacher. He was a plain man like themselves, with no pretension to ecclesiastical or priestly powers, satisfied to be the minister and servant of the Lord he loved.

It was thus that the good man we mourn to-day drew to himself not merely the admiration but the confidence and affection of a body of men and women whose numbers cannot be counted, but who are to be found in every corner of the world in which the English tongue is spoken. And whilst to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures he ministered in his own way, week by week, in all spiritual truths, he exercised an influence over those who had little sympathy with his creed which can hardly be calculated and which was wholly for good. For the moment his loss seems well-nigh

irreparable, not to his congregation only, but to London and his country. It is even a heavier blow to English Protestantism than was the loss of Cardinal Manning to Roman Catholicism. And here may we not ask how it is that, in all the Church of England, there is no man who can compare in position, in influence, or in the extent of his hold upon the hearts of his fellow-men with the two great Nonconformists whom we have just named?

A FRENCH REPUBLICAN'S VIEW OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF PRUSSIA.

THE most striking feature of the history of Europe in the nineteenth century is the formation of the German Empire. Differing in its conception of the State and in its military and administrative system from the Holy Roman Empire as utterly as modern Europe differs from mediæval Europe, the German Empire of to-day acknowledges the hegemony, and almost the sway, of Prussia, and rests its prestige on the defeat of France in 1870-71. The services rendered by the modern school of German historians in bringing about the unity of Germany have not yet been fully recognised in England. History is, of all sciences, the one which should be most warmly encouraged by far-seeing statesmen, for it vivifies patriotism, and by recalling the memories, whether proud or sad, of a nation's past, encourages the living generation to be worthy of its mighty ancestors, or points the warning of preceding failures. But if patriotism is encouraged and fostered by the study of history, it reacts also upon the historian. However fair he may endeavour to be, however strongly he may strive against partiality and resent the imputation of being biassed, an historian must be affected by the sense of his own nationality. And this has been the case with modern historians in Germany. They have, almost unconsciously in some cases, studied the past history of Prussia in the light of her modern greatness, and have exaggerated the purport of many stages in her development. This bias must be discounted in reading the works of the modern German historians, just as the particular bias of an ambassador or a diarist must be discounted in reading despatches or diaries.

But if the modern German school of historians have investigated with most particular care the growth of Prussia, the modern French historians have rivalled their efforts in endeavouring to solve the problems presented by her gigantic development. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, and the Frenchmen of the present day have naturally wondered at the growth of the colossus which overthrew their country in 1870-71, and been eager to see what lessons they could learn. M. Lavissee in his "Études sur l'histoire de Prusse" led the way, and he has followed up that remarkable work in the present year by the publication of his able and thoughtful "Jeunesse du Grand Frédéric." M. Lavissee, however, has studied Prussian history as an independent inquirer, not as a critic of his German predecessors. It is otherwise with another brilliant French historian of the new school, who bears a name famous in the annals of Republican France. M. Godefroy Cavaignac has set before himself the task of traversing the received Prussian theories, and in his "Formation de la Prusse Contemporaine" endeavours to rectify some of the errors into which German historians have been led by excess of patriotism. Just as it is necessary to discount the patriotic bias of Droysen and Sybel, so full allowance must be made for the enthusiastic devotion of M. Cavaignac to the cause of the French Revolution, and it must be recollected that he is the son of the Republican competitor of Louis Napoleon for the Presidency of the second French Republic, and the grandson of one of the most conspicuous members of the French Convention.

It is a truism among students of the condition of

the people of Europe in the last century that the French Revolution was caused by the existence in France of the most prosperous and best educated peasantry, and of the wealthiest and most enlightened middle class, to be found on the Continent. Yet the contrary idea has been so persistently forced upon the minds of the English public, whose knowledge of the French Revolution is mainly derived from Carlyle's "History" and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," that this important truth is not fairly grasped even by intelligent and well-educated persons. Yet the fact remains. The peasant of France, with his occasional *corvée* or day of forced labour, his irregularly levied and therefore exasperating, but not heavy, quit-rent, and with his good village school, was a far more prosperous and intelligent person than the Prussian and Hungarian peasant, weighed down by *corvées* of five and sometimes six days a week, and totally uneducated.

The few serfs in France, who were to be found only upon the estates of the abbey of Sainte-Claude in the Jura, at the opening of the Revolution in 1789, were indeed *adscripti glebæ*, but were far removed from the condition of personal slavery. In the eastern territories of Prussia—that is, in Prussia proper, the Mark of Brandenburg, and in Silesia, which contained four-fifths of the population of the kingdom—nearly the entire mass of the rural population was plunged in a condition of servitude which finds its only parallel in negro slavery in the West Indies and in America. The unhappy Prussian serfs were not only obliged to labour for their lords nearly every day of the week, so that they could only plough their little plots by the light of the moon, but they were not permitted to marry without his permission, they were not allowed to leave their homes or learn any trade without his leave, and their children had to serve in the lord's domestic service for a certain number of years without pay. In France the prosperous condition of the peasantry had given rise to a standard of comfort which caused the growth of a middle class, at first of shopkeepers, and later of merchants and manufacturers. This class grew wealthy, and with wealth came education, so that an educated middle class stood ready in 1789 to initiate and insist upon reform. The antiquated framework of the French monarchy, with its rotten administrative system and iniquitous fiscal policy, which maintained to the nobility an exemption from direct taxation, was ready to fall in 1789, and crumbled away almost at the first touch. In Germany, and especially in eastern Germany—that is, in Prussia—the peasantry were too poor and too barbarous to give rise to trade or manufactures; what middle class existed was small in numbers and poor in quality compared with that in France; and the enlightened men who did exist in the middle class were occupied in investigating philosophical and æsthetic problems, not projects of political reform. Nothing is more certain than that the average Frenchman was in a superior position to the average German in the last century, materially, morally, and intellectually. Nothing is more absolutely proved than that the condition of the peasantry steadily got worse from the west to the east of Europe. The peasant of Alsace and Lorraine was a poorer and more ill-educated man than the peasant of the west and centre of France; the serf of the Rhine provinces was better off than the serf of central Germany; but the serf of eastern Germany, of Prussia proper, of Poland and of Silesia, was in the most wretched condition of all, and was only exceeded in misery, if he was exceeded, by the unhappy slaves of the Magyar nobility in Hungary. The French Revolution took place because the French peasant was the happiest, most prosperous, and best educated upon the Continent. This is a truism to all students of the condition of the people in the last century, but those to whom it comes as a novelty will find it amply justified by a perusal of the third chapter of M. Godefroy Cavaignac's book,

which is garnished with numerous and trustworthy references to unimpeachable authorities.

This being the case, the Prussian historians of the new school are obliged to admit the evidence of facts, but they attenuate their force by laying weight on the measures for the reform, not the abolition, of serfdom, which were considered and even promulgated by Frederick the Great and his successor Frederick William II. No part of M. Godefroy Cavaignac's work is more valuable than his destructive criticism of this position. It would take too long to enter into details, but he shows conclusively that the contemplated measures of reform only affected the serfs on the royal domain, and that even there they were practically null and void. Such Prussian historians as admit this consideration go a step further, and assert that the great social reforms, including the abolition of serfdom, which mark the administration of Stein, were the result of natural evolution in Germany itself and would have come anyhow, even if there had been no French Revolution and no Napoleon. This is the particular position which M. Cavaignac—as a child of the Revolution in more than an ordinary sense—traverses lucidly and eloquently; it was to combat this particular attitude that he has spent years of laborious toil in collecting materials for his great work; it was to defend the French Revolution as one of the great epoch-making periods of the world's history, not as an episode in the history of one country, that his portly volume has been compiled. Whether he has been successful in proving his point must be left to each reader to decide; for, in the spirit of the modern school, M. Cavaignac gives his facts and his authorities, and, while drawing a conclusion in the affirmative himself, he states the case so fairly that he may be regarded, in spite of his declared bias, rather as a judge summing up than as a counsel pleading. For those who have not time to read his work, a general argument may be used. Which is the more probable, that the Prussian statesmen who brought about the great administrative, military, agrarian, and social reforms, which placed the Prussian peasant on a level with the French peasant, would have been either desirous or able to accomplish the transformation if there had been no French Revolution, or that they felt that the overpowering power of France, when gathered into the hand of Napoleon and spread over the Continent, was due in some way to the new principles, which had regenerated France, and which were therefore worthy of imitation? The patriotic German historians hold the former view; M. Godefroy Cavaignac the latter. The former assert that Germany, and more especially Prussia, developed from a mediæval to a modern state of society by its own volition; the latter that the change was due to the new standards of the sovereignty of the people and the liberty of the individual which the French revolutionary leaders had set up.

The length of this article prevents an examination of M. Cavaignac's attitude towards Stein, the great Prussian reformer. He does full honour to Stein's energy and patriotism and enlightenment; he describes his reforms with singular lucidity; but he holds that Stein was a social reformer *malgré lui*, owing to the influence of the French Revolution, and not of his own accord. There is also not space to show how the French Republican writer accounts for the supremacy of Prussia in modern Germany and the great part she has played of recent years in securing the unity of the Vaterland. But he admits the extraordinary attraction Prussia has exercised over the strongest administrative natures, if not the highest intellectual minds, in Germany. The causes of this attraction might make the subject of an interesting essay, but the fact remains. Goethe and Schiller were not Prussians and never wanted to be, but the conduct of Moltke, a Mecklenburger by birth and a Danish officer, has many parallels in the history of Prussia in her critical epoch. Stein was a Knight of the Empire and a native of Nassau, Hardenberg was a Hanoverian, Gneisenau and

Scharnhorst were Saxons, Blucher and York were Mecklenburgers; yet these were the men who made modern Prussia. The truth is probably to be found in their belief that in serving Prussia they were serving Germany, and that in promoting Prussian greatness they were securing German unity.

VILLENEUVE BY AVIGNON.

VISITORS disappointed with the Palace of the Popes at Avignon—disappointed with the city they could not be—will find consolation at Villeneuve. This astonishing and delightful relic of the Middle Ages stands opposite to Avignon, on the other side of the Rhone, its walls and noble towers crowning a steep little hill. For a hundred years past, the renowned bridge of St. Bénézet has been broken down; but the four arches remaining are now classed as a *monument historique*, and they have been strengthened to last for ever. It occupies the place in French legend which London Bridge used to occupy in our own. Children still repeat the nursery song—

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y passe."

Daudet gives a marvellous description of its glory, after his poetic fashion, in "Lettres de mon Moulin." It was worthy of fame indeed. If the people credit that St. Bénézet had a legion of angels at his command, *savants* who laugh can hardly explain how such a work was carried out by human skill, in the year 1177, to withstand the most dangerous river in Europe for eight hundred years. Four arches only remain; but upon the foundations of the second, below the level of the bridge that is, still stands the tiny chapel of St. Nicholas, built by the pontifex St. Bénézet to receive his corpse—a very curious example of architecture in the twelfth century, and well preserved. We cross nowadays on a suspension bridge. That part of Villeneuve where it debouches is modern, and charmingly pretty in the summer green, with villas and gardens covering the abrupt hillside. Turning to the right, however, the nineteenth century passes out of view, and a vague sense of the *Moyenâge* possesses one. Greenery and houses both vanish, masses of wall appear, so crumbling and rounded that they seem natural rock; great bare slabs of limestone trend down to the path. Then we reach the tower of Philippe le Bel, which is still the limit of the street. A grand object it is; why did not the Popes build in this style? When that most able of French monarchs established *Un pape à lui* in the Comtat, simultaneously he gave orders to raise a fortress which should keep his Pontiff under control. The bridge of St. Bénézet climbed the hill of Villeneuve to a certain height—for safety against floods—and at its very head Philippe built this fine tower. Not a mouse could cross the Rhone, as Pope Jean XXII. complained, without the King's permission—as if that was an argument! The outside is still perfect, and although the great chambers within were long used as a military prison, little damage has been done. We learn with interest that an enthusiastic Englishman pays visits every year, seeking the mouth of a subterranean passage which communicated with the Papal château beneath the Rhone. That such a passage exists—or more than one—the public is quite convinced, as usual. In this case it seems likely that the public is not mistaken, for the "Anti-Popes" had time and money enough to prepare a retreat, and some of them at least were shrewd enough to foresee that it might be necessary. After all, Benoit XII., the last of them, did actually vanish somehow when Marshal Boucicault had blocked every issue. Upon the other hand, it is unlikely he would emerge in the King's fortress of Villeneuve. However, the Monsieur Anglais is said to have found what he was seeking last year, and in his next visit he is expected to unearth "the

treasure." Here is material for a romance. At the present time a dentist of Avignon rents this tower, spending Saturday to Monday therein. He has not thought it necessary to put in any furniture beyond a bed, a table, and a few chairs, which are old enough to be in keeping with the bare and spacious vault, if not actually mediæval. One feels that one would like to know that gentleman. On Sunday he entertains his friends, and we perceive that on the last occasion they drank St. Péray in festive profusion. When alone, he sits at the window—or rather embrasure—and meditates. This is all very well, but at night? It is rather gruesome to think of waking when the convent clock strikes twelve in that gaunt chamber. It has a significant black hole pierced in the thickness of the wall, which neither light nor air could penetrate when the door—long since broken up for firewood, no doubt—was closed. Tradition says that refractory or drunken men-at-arms were shut in there; or else some antiquarian visitor has imposed that comforting belief. Other fancies would rise to the mind probably, as one stared at the pitchy aperture by the glimmer of a night-light, conscious that no mortal lay within hearing; for the tower is unoccupied. There are great hooks and rings set into the wall here and there, which may have been innocent—but they look suggestive. Upon one of the broad stone seats, where knights and pages lounged through the weary hours, a chess-board is deeply cut. The lonely watcher would be fortunate if his visions centred in that object. Decidedly one would like to know the gentleman who loves to sleep here.

Leaving the Tower, we find ourselves in the main street of Villeneuve, and that is an experience to remember. It defies description, but we must make the essay. Upon the right hand stretches a massive rampart, which has lost two-thirds of its height, and forms a mound of stone, smooth and covered with flowers. Strange old buildings cluster in a line beneath it, scarcely changed since the Dark Ages. A few ancient women with kerchiefed heads sit at the doors. On the other side are shells of stately houses—palaces, rather. A grand *façade* still remains here and there, with carved doorways and window-frames. You look through, and behold heaps of ruin, grassy mounds, trees, beds of kitchen-herbs and salads. Elsewhere are cloisters, great halls roofless, tenanted by a donkey and a cart. All is stained, and foul, and sordid, but thrilling with the charm of mystery. Further on, in the centre of the little town, palaces grander still are yet habitable. You enter, to find them occupied by the lowest and poorest of the poor. Such are the scenes from end to end of Villeneuve, a fragment of the *Moyenâge* which has survived, shattered and defaced, to our times. It may be well to explain that these buildings, so numerous and once so magnificent, were raised by cardinals, ambassadors, noble and wealthy devotees, who abandoned them when the popes returned to Rome.

There are special sights, of course: the hospital, one of the very best specimens of domestic architecture in the fourteenth century that remains; the tremendous gateway of the Benedictine convent—itsself a narrow portal far withdrawn in the shadow of two round towers of which not a stone has fallen—the royal fortress seems almost flimsy beside these stupendous structures; churches, cloisters beyond counting, pictures, frescoes, tombs. In the hospital has been set up the lofty monument of Pope Innocent VI., vastly interesting to antiquarians, architects of the Gothic school, and all those lucky mortals who, by nature or training, can see beauty in the accumulation of endless detail. The same large class of persons will find a delightful collection of pictures there, all black with age, pious in subject, childishly and grotesquely hideous in every other point of view. We should imagine that these works of early French art, recovered from the ancient palaces, are as numerous as could be found in all the

rest of Europe. Among them, however, is one of some slight personal interest. Royal authors are desperately common, but a royal painter still commands notice. The hospital possesses a "Coronation of the Virgin" by King René, which holds its own for ugliness and silliness with the best. Its authenticity has been disputed, of course, but on no categorical grounds. King René painted pictures, and this, or Avignon opposite, is the very spot where one would be expected.

There is a work of art at Villeneuve, however, unnoticed in the guide books, rarely discovered by visitors, as we heard. This is the stateliest piece of furniture in its class that we, at least, have ever beheld. It stands in the Council Room of the Mairie—a *bahut* some eight feet high and as many wide, with four noble pillars in front, twisted like those in Raffaele's picture of the "Beautiful Gate," each nine inches in diameter. When the outer doors, of finest marqueterie, are thrown back, one sees a marvel indeed. The materials used are ivory, walnut, chestnut, and olive wood. A bold design of the ecclesiastic-architectural class frames a large and noble group of tulips in ivory standing in a vase upon a table. Below this runs a balustrade of red wood, showing between the interstices a pavement in ivory and black dalles, which make the foreground, enlarging in due perspective. Well may the authorities of the Musée Cluny demand year after year that such a grand work of art shall not be left in possession of a small and remote municipality, which does not even show it to the public. It was rescued in the sack of the Chartreuse. The man who thinks us too enthusiastic should go and see. That *bahut* alone is worth the journey to Avignon.

LE NOUVEAU JEU.

IT is a far cry from the austerities of Marcus Aurelius to the joyous devices of the *Vie Parisienne*. Yet they may both—in vastly different ways, to be sure—be found enforcing the same lesson. "On the occasion of everything which happens," said the sage, "keep this in mind: that it is that which thou hast often seen. Everywhere, up and down, thou wilt find the same things, with which the old histories are filled; with which cities and houses are filled now. There is nothing new: all things are both familiar and short-lived—familiar in experience, and ephemeral in time, and worthless in the matter. Everything now is just as it was in the time of those whom we have buried." When the Emperor wrote this, he had probably just been vexed by one of those young men who are for ever going up and down, flaunting their "modernity," and seeking some new thing, *le nouveau jeu*. Such a man is young Paul Costard, the hero of "Le Nouveau Jeu," a novel in dialogue (Paris: Ernest Kolb), which M. Henri Lavedan has reprinted from the *Vie Parisienne*. There is a little too much of frank animalism in this Boulevard journal for our sober English taste, especially in its illustrations, which do somewhat too audaciously profane the mysteries of the Bona Dea—the more's the pity, for despite its open, its inexcusably and wantonly open, violations of good taste, there is real literary quality in this sheet, and many of the best wits in France have not disdained to contribute to it. It was in the *Vie Parisienne* that so grave and reverend a signior as M. Taine published his "Notes de M. Thomas Graindorge," that Ludovic Halévy first printed his "Madame Cardinal," Gustave Droz his "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé," and Paul Bourget his "Physiologie de l'amour moderne." One of its mainstays is the racy, fearless, brilliant "Gyp"; another is Henri Lavedan, a masculine "Gyp," and something more. For M. Lavedan, though he treats the same themes as the Countess de Martel, makes them his own by his peculiar talent for dialogue, for irony, for a certain

elegant pessimism. It is a mark, they say, of the true artist to be attracted to literary forms most beset with technical difficulties, restrictions, limitations, and of these forms the dialogue, when applied, as M. Lavedan applies it, to a whole novel, is certainly not the least exacting. Dramatic dialogue, which *prima facie* is the nearest approximation to it, turns out to be a far more elastic thing, for the novelist in dialogue, unlike the dramatist, is denied the assistance of soliloquy, pantomime, the business of the scene. In this unyielding medium M. Lavedan moves with grace and freedom, tells a straightforward story, is always lively and various, abounds, like Jeames's conversation, in "lacy ally and easy ples'ntry." Yet he contrives to point a moral, or rather to let you infer one—a moral that may send the least thoughtful reader back, through the ages, to Marcus Aurelius. For his typical Parisian, Paul Costard, as for Hamlet, nothing is but thinking makes it so, and he thinks it a very old thing—*vieux jeu*. From the acrobats at the Hippodrome to filial affection, it is all *vieux jeu*, as he explains, or rather suggests (for he talks with telegraphic brevity, like Mr. Alfred Jingle), to his mistress, Bobette:—

COSTARD: Ça me fiche mal au cœur. Les trapèzes, toutes ces histoires-là qui se passent en l'air, dans le vide, ça me fiche mal au cœur. . . . Et puis c'est vieux jeu. Il y a trois cents ans que je vois ça! Autre chose! Plus de vieux jeu!

BOBETTE: Qu'est-ce qu'il te faut?

COSTARD: Je sais pas. Autre chose. C'est pas à moi de trouver. Moi j'attends. Qu'on serve autre chose.

So much for the gymnasts; as to his mother:—

COSTARD: Je le sais parbleu bien que c'est maman, aussi je la respecte et je l'aime, mais ça n'empêche pas qu'elle soit d'un rasoir, d'un Sheffield! oh! ayez pas peur, mes enfants, si c'était pas ma mère, il y a beau temps que je l'aurais. . . top, top. . . m'avez compris? Et elle s'en rend bien compte elle-même. Elle abuse de ce qu'elle m'a mis au monde.

Yet one would have thought the mother sufficiently "modern," for she takes a maternal interest in her son's mistresses, and even sends one of them a present of Léoville, 1876, from the family cellar. After the mistresses, a wife—*nouveau jeu*, of course. "Soyons de notre époque," says Costard. "Je veux même être plus que le jeune homme d'aujourd'hui, je veux être le jeune homme de demain, d'après-demain si possible." And he finds an equally modern mate—Mlle. Alice Labosse. This young lady carries the art of "detachment" to a point of which Voltaire's Pococurante never dreamed. She has no prejudices and no preferences:—

MME. LABOSSE: Pourquoi?

ALICE: Parceque rien ne m'attire, pas même un homme, pas même un genre d'homme. Si j'épouse un blond pauvre, je me ferai en dix minutes à l'idée d'être la femme d'un blond pauvre, et ce sera acquis pour la vie. Si c'est un brun riche, même chose.

MME. LABOSSE: Et si ton mariage tourne mal? Si ton mari t'abandonne, te trompe?

ALICE: Je me ferai en dix minutes à l'idée d'être une femme abandonnée et trompée. Je te le dis, maman, je trouve que rien n'a d'importance: j'accepte tout ce qui arrive, chaque jour, le bon comme le mauvais. Ça m'est égal.

Here is a nature like Squire Brooke's mind—a jelly which ran easily into any mould. But the adventures which befall these very modern persons, the young man whose cry is "Qu'on me serve autre chose," and the young woman with the device "Ça m'est égal," are old enough, "familiar in experience, and ephemeral in time, and worthless in the matter." Within a week of the wedding Monsieur has returned to Bobette, and Madame has found

consolation with her husband's dearest friend. Then comes the old story—the story of which you have an earlier version in Hogarth's "*Marriage à la mode*"—the rendezvous, the flagrant delict, the commissary with his tricolour sash and his "*Ouvrez au nom de la loi!*" the divorce. Years afterwards we meet Costard again in an epiloquial chapter, a disillusioned Costard a Costard who now wishes to be not the man of the day after to-morrow, but the man of the day before yesterday. Bobette has long left him, to become a devout *châtelaine* and to entertain bishops. Tired of seeking for the *nouveau jeu*, he asks for nothing but *le vieux*. He spends his evenings at the Français enjoying the *Edipus* of Sophocles, or at the Opéra listening to "*Richard, o mon roi!*" He even begins to believe in the immortality of the soul. Thus does your modern man come round, after all, to the opinion of the antique sage: "Everything now is just as it was in the time of those whom we have buried."

Besides M. Paul Costard, there is another Paul who has lately executed—in a contrary direction—a return upon himself, M. Paul Verlaine. Of late years M. Verlaine was understood to have forsworn sack and lived cleanly, thrown himself upon the bosom of Mother Church and become a Neo-Catholic mystic. But from his new volume of poems, "*Chansons pour Elle*" (Paris: Léon Vanier), it is evident that M. Verlaine has had enough of mysticism and is once more inclined to find ginger hot i' the mouth. "*Je fus mystique,*" he sings:—

Je fus mystique et je ne le suis plus
(La femme m'aura repris tout entier),
Non sans garder des respects absolus
Pour l'idéal qu'il fallait renier;
Mais la femme m'a repris tout entier!

It must be confessed that the "*Elle*" of these "*Chansons*" is a very unrepresentable person, and the ballads which celebrate her charms are too full of the details which Verlaine's prototype, Villon, gave in his "*Ballade de la belle Heaulmière,*" and are not easily quotable. Here, however, is one stanza:—

Surtout ne parlons pas littérature.
Au diable lecteurs, auteurs, éditeurs
Surtout! Livrons nous à notre nature
Dans l'oubli charmant de toutes pudeurs.
Et ô! ne parlons pas littérature—

in whose refrain, at least, many other persons than professed Verlaniacs will not be disinclined to join.

MORE ABOUT ARTISTIC EDUCATION.

IN England it is customary for art to enter by a side door, and the enormous subvention to the Kensington Schools would never have been voted by Parliament if the Bill had not been gilt with the usual utility gilding. It was represented that the schools were intended for something much more serious than the mere painting of pictures, which only rich people could buy: the schools were primarily intended as schools of design, wherein the sons and daughters of the people would be taught how to design wall-papers, patterns for lace, curtains, damask table-cloths, etc. The intention, like many another, was excellent; but the fact remains that, except for examination purposes, the work done by Kensington students is useless. A design for a piece of wall-paper, for which a Kensington student is awarded a medal, is almost sure to prove abortive when put to a practical test. The isolated pattern looks pretty enough on the two feet of white paper on which it is drawn; but when the pattern is manifolded, it is usually found that the designer has not taken into account the effect of the repetition. That is the pitfall into which the ingenuous Kensington student usually falls; he cannot make practical application of his knowledge, and at Minton's factory all the designs drawn by Kensington students have to be redrawn by those who understand the practical working out of the

processes of reproduction and the quality of the material employed. So complete is the failure of the Kensington student, that to plead a Kensington education is considered to be an almost fatal objection against anyone applying for work in any one of our industrial centres.

I have no personal knowledge of the schools of design at South Kensington; but of the schools of drawing and painting I have a very intimate knowledge, and as the failure of both branches is equally complete, there cannot be much doubt that the systems of education are analogous, and that to know one is to know the other.

Five-and-twenty years ago the schools of art at South Kensington were the most comical in the world; they were the most complete parody on the Continental school of art possible to imagine. They are no doubt the same to-day as they were five-and-twenty years ago—any way, the educational result is the same. The schools as I remember them were faultless in everything except the instruction dispensed there. There were noble staircases covered with cocoanut matting, the rooms were admirably heated with hot-water pipes, there were plaster casts and officials. In the first room the students practised drawing from the flat. Engraved outlines of elaborate ornamentation were given them, and these they drew with lead pencil, measuring the spaces carefully with compasses. In about six months or a year the student had learned to use his compass correctly and to produce a fine hard black lead outline; the harder and finer the outline, the more the drawing looked like a problem in a book of Euclid, the better the examiner was pleased and the more willing was he to send the student to the room upstairs, where drawing was practised from the antique. This was the room in which the wisdom of South Kensington attained a complete efflorescence. I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed there. Having made choice of a cast, the student proceeded to measure the number of heads; he then measured the cast in every direction, and ascertained by means of a plumb-line exactly where the lines fell. It was more like land-surveying than drawing, and to accomplish this portion of his task took generally a fortnight, working six hours a week. He then placed a sheet of tissue paper upon his drawing, leaving only one small part uncovered, and, having reduced his chalk pencil to the finest possible point, he proceeded to lay in a set of extremely fine lines. These were crossed by a second set of lines, and the two sets of lines were elaborately stippled, every black spot being carefully picked out with bread. With a patience truly sublime in its folly he continued the process all the way down the figure, accomplishing, if he were truly industrious, about an inch square in the course of an evening. Our admiration was generally directed to those who had spent the longest time on their drawings. After three months' work a student began to be noticed; at the end of four he became an important personage. I remember one who had contrived to spend six months on his drawing. He was a sort of demigod, and we used to watch him anxious and alarmed lest he might not have the genius to devote still another month to it, and our enthusiasm knew no bounds when we learned that, a week before the drawings had to be sent in, he had taken his drawing home and spent three whole days stippling it and picking out the black spots with bread. The poor drawing had neither character nor consistency; it looked like nothing under the sun, except a drawing done at Kensington—a flat, foolish thing, but very soft and smooth. But this was enough; it was passed by the examiners and the student went into the Life Room to copy an Italian model as he had copied the Apollo Belvedere. Once or twice a week a gentleman who painted tenth-rate pictures, which were not always hung in the Academy, came round and passed casual remarks on the quality of the stippling. There was a head-master who painted tenth-rate historical pictures, after the manner of a tenth-rate German painter

in a provincial town, in a vast studio up-stairs, which the State was good enough to provide him with, and he occasionally walked through the studios; on an average, I should say, once a month.

I said last week that instances abounded in artistic history of men who had been able to dispense with lessons and successfully educate themselves. I said, too, that I was aware of no instance of a man outliving the evil of a bad education. The system of education that obtains at the Beaux-Arts, although infinitely less destructive than that of South Kensington, has not failed, however, to curtail and deform the art of all who have been subjected to it for any considerable length of time. A curse seems to hang over those who have gained the *Prix de Rome*. It was thought that Henri Regnault would break the spell; Besnard of late years fought hard against the infamy of his early education; at one moment it looked as if he were going to overcome it, but in his efforts to break his bonds he has drifted from eccentricity to eccentricity, and has failed to develop a style. That the artistic education of the Beaux-Arts has never failed to weaken, and to weaken irreparably, the genius of every one who has entirely submitted to it, is not now denied. Then, I ask, what would be the result of five years' study at South Kensington on a man of genius—I mean, of course, a youth of sixteen or seventeen—in whom there was genius? Is it not certain that the system I have described destroys genius in the bud in just the same way as a frost cuts down an early shoot? The matter is one of the first importance. Has South Kensington ever produced an artist who can paint even respectably? Are the designs done by its students available at Minton's or at Doulton's?

If Kensington were merely useless, the matter would not be worth considering; so much money is wasted in our public departments that half a million one way or another would not be worth while calling into question. It might be argued that the schools were sinecures for a number of worthy old gentlemen, and I should be loth to advocate their abolition if it could be shown that they involved no more than a pleasant waste of half a million yearly. If the Pierian spring at South Kensington were merely one from which no water flowed, I should not trouble to raise my hand against it. But the Pierian spring at Kensington is no waterless fountain; water flows therefrom in profusion, but it is poisoned water, and he who drinks it dies.

Must we then conclude that, because Kensington education is an evil, all education is equally so? Why exaggerate; why outstrip the plain telling of the facts? For those who are thinking of adopting art as a profession it is sufficient to know that the one irreparable evil is a bad primary education. Be sure that after five years of the Beaux-Arts you cannot become a great painter. Be sure that after five years of Kensington you can never become a painter at all. "If not at Kensington nor at the Beaux-Arts, where am I to obtain the education I stand in need of?" cries the embarrassed student. I do not propose to answer that question directly. How the masters of Holland and Flanders obtained their marvellous education is not known. We neither know how they learned nor how they painted. Did the early masters paint first in monochrome, adding the colouring matter afterwards? How much vain conjecturing has been expended in attempting to solve this question. Did Ruysdael paint direct from Nature or from drawings? Unfortunately, on this question history has no single word to say. We know that Potter learned his trade in the fields in lonely communication with Nature. We know too that Crome was a house-painter, and practised painting from Nature when his daily work was done. Nevertheless he attained as perfect a technique as any painter that ever lived. Morland, too, was self-taught: he practised painting in the fields and farmyards and the country inns where he lived, oftentimes paying for

board and lodging with a picture. Did his art suffer from want of education? Is there anyone who believes that Morland would have done better work if he had spent three or four years stippling drawings from the antique at South Kensington?

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

ROBERT GREENE. HAMLET'S FATHER.
DR. GOLDSMITH. DR. JOHNSON.

A PARROT.

(*A Grove in the Elysian Fields. Eurydice is heard "off" singing "Questo Asilo."*)

R. G.: A plague of this fellow Gluck and his musty *Orfeo*, say I!

DR. J.: Sir, you are a rascal. You are an unclubbable fellow. You are impertinent to the company and to my worthy friend Dr. Burney, who much esteems the Chevalier Gluck. Would you diminish the public stock of harmless pleasure? You are to consider, sir, that music softens the mind, so as to prepare it for the reception of salutary feelings.

DR. G. (*slyly*):

"Pretends to taste, at operas cries *Caro*,
And quits his Jimmy Boswell for *Che Faro*."

Do you remember, sir, when Mr. Gluck played upon the musical glasses at the little theatre in the Haymarket?

DR. J.: Sir, I do not remember it, I recollect it. To remember and to recollect are different things. What I remember is that you once had the indecent levity to couple these musical glasses with the great name—*venerabile et præclarum nomen*—of Shakesp—

R. G.: Shakesp—me no Shakespeares! It skills not to speak to my face of this upstart crow beautified with my feathers, this absolute Johannes Factotum, that is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country. (PARROT *croaks like a hoarse raven under battlements*.) Have at thee, foul bird! . . . Ha, ha! Boy! Art thou there, true-penny?

HAMLET'S FATHER (*enters with books under his arm and a bundle of newspapers*): Peace, thou incestuous, thou adulterous beast! (*Starts as PARROT crows like a cock*.) Perdition seize that parrot!

R. G.: Comest thou from revisiting the glimpses of the moon?

H. F.: No, from the playhouse in the Haymarket, where I am doom'd for an uncertain term to walk the night. No man hath glimpses of the moon there; for, as Master Herkomer, the limner, will tell thee, all playhouse moons are suns. O, horrible! O, horrible! Most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not. But they allow me the new books and the illustrated papers in the entr'actes. See! I bear a fardel of them here. And, by'r Lady, after so much Shakesp—

R. G.: Shakescene, old mole, Shakescene! Full well thou know'st that my Lord of Verulam, and none other, begat thee.

DR. J.: As I perceive is maintained in this book your Majesty has been pleased to bring with you: "Our English Homer; or, Shakespeare Historically Considered," by Thomas W. White, M.A.

R. G.: Oh, brave!

DR. J.: Sir, I am not to be interrupted, even by a Clerk in Holy Orders. Who is this Mr. White, and of what University is he, that bears Shakespeare so much belated ill-will? In my day, classical literature and collegiate learning were not wont to

garb themselves in the motley of the zany or the cloak of the assassin. Nor did we listen willingly to those who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox. This gentleman, I perceive, affects to have read my preface; but he who reads only to confute is apt to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit. Where are Mr. White's credentials? I suspect him to be one of the American rebels, and suppose that his "Mastership of Arts" is of the same bastard stock as Mr. Washington's title of "General." In short, the man is plainly a rascal, and I will ask my friend Mr. Dilly to buy me another shilling oak-stick, for chastisement will often enforce on the back what argument fails to convey to the head. But what says your Majesty?

H. F.: But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold—

DR. J.: Sire, it is not for me to bandy words with a Sovereign, and I trust I have always shown a proper reverence for ghosts. Nevertheless, candour sometimes discovers what piety would have concealed; and this tale of yours is no tale of Cock Lane, but a tale of a Cock and a Bull. (PARROT again imitates a cock-crow).

H. F. (throwing his truncheon at the bird): Zounds! I'll wring the neck of that scurvy parrot. 'Tis Signior Montanaro hath sent him to plague me.

R. G.: What Signior's that? Not he who wrote *Othello* that our Shakescene stole?

H. F.: Nay, another of your Dons, Emilio Montanaro. Here is his play, new-published and made English by one J. T. Grein. 'Tis called *In the Garden of Citrons*, and there is another of your talking parrots in that garden. Citron-gardens delight me not—no, nor orchards neither—though by your smiling you seem to say so.

DR. G.: Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! And here, Doctor *Major*, is a book about your friend Doctor *Minor*, "The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith," edited by Austin Dobson. A monstrous pretty book, I protest: I have not been dress'd in so fine cloathes since Mr. Filby made me that plum-coloured coat. But what's this? Mr. Dobson does not like my "Edwin and Angelina," my poem that, I told Craddock, could not be amended? "Over-soft prettiness, too much that of the chromo-lithograph"! Fudge! And listen to this, sir! "His *Goodnatur'd Man* was wet-blanketed beforehand by a sententious prologue from Johnson."

DR. J.: Pooh, sir! "Wet-blanketed" is not in my Dictionary; and sententiousness is proper to a prologue. But enough of books! What news, your Majesty, from the playhouses?

H. F.: Sleeping in my stall at the Haymarket, my custom always of the afternoon, I was awaked by the sound of a scythe. I could see naught, for the stage was dark, but I learn'd that one of your new-fangled plays was being enacted. The story is extant, written in very choice Ollendorffian, and here's the English on't, *The Intruder*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, the same that the French do call the Belgian Shakesp—

R. G.: Shakescene, I tell thee, sirrah! Shakescene, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide!

DR. J.: I apprehend that the name Shakespeare is no longer proper to one, but a noun of multitude, signifying many.

DR. G.: No longer, Doctor? Was it ever? Mr. Thomas W. White, M.A., thinks it may have been nothing more than a descriptive title, translated from the name of the Braggart Captain *Spizza-fer* (Shiverspear) in the Italian pantomimes. (Here the ear-piercing attempts of the PARROT to cry "*Spizza-fer*" break up the company.)

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE Archaic Room in the British Museum, which has been closed for many months, will shortly be opened again. It has been redecorated, the walls having been painted a sharp green to throw out in greater relief the various specimens. More important than its redecoration is the erection in this room of casts of the pediments of the temple of JUPITER PANHELLENIUS, built at Ægina in the fifth century before Christ in memory of the deliverance of Greece from the plague at the intercession of ÆACUS. This famous temple was visited by CHANDLER in the last century; but has been chiefly known to us by the successful excavations of our countrymen, COCKERELL and FOSTER, assisted by BARON HALLER and M. LINCKE of Stuttgart, in 1811. The sculptures and ornaments unearthed by them supply an important link in the history of ancient art, and connect the schools of early Greece with that of Etruscan sculpture. By an unlucky accident the British Museum failed to obtain these treasures, and they now form one of the most interesting acquisitions of the Glyptothek of Munich.

DISAPPOINTED in securing the originals, Mr. COCKERELL obtained casts, which he arranged in partially restored pediments in the British Museum. DR. MURRAY, following MR. COCKERELL'S design, has completed the restoration of the pediments, even to the colouring and the griffins and the lions' heads on the end. In the tympanum of each pediment an entire subject was represented; but we have now only thirteen figures in all. The statues were mostly cut out of one entire block with a surprising power of execution, each shield, not more than three-quarters of an inch in the thickest part, being wrought in the solid, together with the figure holding it. Not a single evidence of artificial support was discovered in the western pediment, and only one in the eastern. The boldness of such execution is marvellous.

DEEDS of the ÆACIDÆ, of whose praise, as PINDAR says, "the whole world is full," are in all likelihood the subjects of these groups of statuary. The figures in the eastern pediment, five in number, are the work of a better artist than those in the western one. They are supposed to refer to the early siege of Troy by HERCULES. The subject of the western pediment is the combat of PATROCLUS and HECTOR as related in the Eighteenth Book of the Iliad. In the midst is ATHENE putting an end to the combat.

A NOVELTY in the same room, hardly less interesting than these casts, is a partially restored column of the first temple of DIANA at Ephesus. An almost obliterated inscription on the apophyge can be made to signify that the column was presented by CRÆSUS. If the emendation be correct—and there is no reason why it should not be—we have here a verification of HERODOTUS, who says that CRÆSUS gave many of the columns to the first temple of DIANA.

UNDER the title of "Horæ Sabbaticæ" SIR JAMES STEPHEN is reprinting his contributions to the *Saturday Review* (MACMILLAN). The first series consists of fourteen historical papers arranged chronologically, beginning with "Joinville and St. Louis," and concluding with "Lord Clarendon's 'Life.'"

THE history of the formal garden in England is a wide subject, and includes many matters any one of which could be fully handled only in a special study. An attempt, however, has been made in "The Formal Garden in England" (MACMILLAN) by

MESSRS. R. BLOMFIELD and F. INIGO THOMAS to break up ground and clear away misconceptions by giving so much of its history as will show the general character of the formal garden in England, its absolute separation from landscape gardening, and the extent and variety of design which it involves. The book, which is tastefully bound and illustrated, is not a treatise on horticulture, but a discussion of design and of the treatment of garden ground.

THE sixth volume chronologically, the tenth in order of publication, of the "English Statesmen" is MR. BEESLY'S "Elizabeth" (MACMILLAN). MR. YORK POWELL'S "Edward I." and MR. JOHN MORLEY'S "Chatham" will complete this important series.

DR. LLOYD ROBERTS is the editor of BROWNE'S "Religio Medici and Other Essays," the new volume of the bijou "Stott Library."

PROBABLY the reason why an anthology of the political verse of England was never attempted till now may be that such compositions require, or are thought to require, a rather unusual amount of scholastic annotation to render them intelligible. When MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY undertook the task any difficulty of that kind must have vanished before his erudition. "Political Verse" (PERCIVAL), the second volume of the "Pocket Library," contains selections from SKELTON to TRAILL. There is a general introduction, a brief introduction to each author, and not too many notes.

NUMEROUS passages in the new instalment of "Wotton Reinfred" (*New Review*), as in the first, are almost identical verbally with passages in "Sartor Resartus." The descriptions of the House in the Wold and of the scene from the garden-house in "Wotton Reinfred" are the same as descriptions of the Waldschloss and its environment in the chapter on "Romance" in "Sartor." In noticing the first portion of "Wotton Reinfred" it was suggested here that it might have been an attempt to reduce "'Sartor,' poor beast," to a more popular form. It seems more likely that "Reinfred" preceded "Sartor." Paragraphs in "The Everlasting Yea" look as if they had been condensed from the conversation in chapter iv. of "Reinfred," rather than as if the conversation had been expanded from "The Everlasting Yea."

CARLYLE read and re-read DR. BODICHON'S "De l'Humanité," we are assured by MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS in her most interesting reminiscence of MADAME BODICHON (*Fortnightly*). The volume lay for several days near his bed, and he owned to a friend that the analysis contained in it of the character of the first NAPOLEON led him to change his opinion of the modern CÆSAR. The monograph "De l'Humanité" is included in a popular selection of DR. BODICHON'S works, "Œuvres Diverses," published in Paris by M. LEROUX.

PUBLIC interest in Persia will be—at least, temporarily—aroused by the "Reign of Terror," in the *Contemporary*. MR. E. G. BROWNE is therefore so far fortunate in the publication this week of his translation of the anonymous Persian work, "A Traveller's Narrative," by the Cambridge University Press. Of

the original, an anonymous book written probably during 1886, MR. BROWNE is the editor. It is the history of a proscribed and persecuted sect, "The Bábí," written by one of themselves. Since COUNT GOBINEAU'S history of the Bábí movement in his "Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale" is a narrative of thrilling and sustained interest, one would expect an original account to be well worth reading.

MR. M. H. SPIELMANN, in the current *New Review*, raises again the question of a National Gallery of British Art. He presents successively the various proposals which have been before the public—the National Gallery scheme, the Kensington Palace scheme, and the two South Kensington schemes—of which now the first two only really survive. MR. SPIELMANN gives his voice for the first, as "the most dignified, the simplest, and the cheapest," with the emphatic declaration that "the logical accomplishment of a National Gallery of British Art is impossible outside Trafalgar Square." However this may be, the matter is one of very great importance, and it is high time it was settled.

A MODEST but useful part of the work of *Free Russia* is the translation of Russian and other foreign writings bearing upon the social and political condition of the country. Such a contribution is the story of the life and death of a young lady doctor as told to M. MELCHIOR DE VOGUE, in the current number. Here is a luminous passage: "This tree (the wild cherry from the steppes on which I have grafted plums) produced last summer a miraculous branch loaded with green-gages as big as eggs. It is an emblem of my country; I know of no truer one. On the wild young stock we have grafted, here and there, your Western ideas. The fruit, nourished by too strong a sap, becomes transformed, and sometimes even monstrous. Nihilism is that, and only that. My peasant's intellect is changed, but not his soul or his instincts, which resist longer. In this brain, into which you have introduced your bold speculations, the vigorous blood of the primitive creature continues to beat in a flood-tide." In this same little journal STEPNIAK—having demolished MR. STEAD'S apology for ALEXANDER III.—goes on to the more profitable discussion of "the Russian army from the political point of view."

THERE will be published very shortly in Paris, by LEROUX, a volume of popular folk-tales collected on the Riviera, and annotated by MR. JAMES BRUYN ANDREWS.

DR. FINNUR JONSSON, an Icelandic writer, has published a literary history of Iceland, comprising the period between 900 and 1100 A.D. This is the first Icelandic essay on Icelandic literature, and DR. JONSSON in it expresses the opinion that the largest and best portion of the "Edda" is Norwegian, another portion comes from Greenland, and only the smallest part is genuinely Icelandic.

DR. IBSEN has been made a commander of the first class of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf. It is generally believed that he is engaged upon the writing of a new play, but it will not be published till shortly before Christmas, which is his usual time for sending forth his books.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON will now again become the recipient of a State pension of 1,600 krs. annually. He had refused to accept it any longer on account of the Storting declining to vote ALEXANDER KIELLAND a similar pension; but the latter

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

having now been made a Burgomaster, BJÖRNSON has waived his objection.

THE announced co-operation of the Gresham College Committee with the Albert University is no doubt an event of considerable significance. It both admits the impracticability of the present scheme, and at the same time implies the possibility of amending it. Moreover, to a large extent, as the Gresham Committee will soon be in command of large funds, to say nothing of the Corporation, it provides the endowments which such a University will require for its due development. At the same time the change by no means ends the controversy, as seems to be assumed in some quarters. On the contrary, it makes the requisite amendments more necessary than before, and strengthens much more than any amount of argument the demand that the whole question should be fully reconsidered in the light of recent discussion, and with a view to the drafting of a much more comprehensive and statesmanlike plan for the new University of London.

THE claim of an advertising agent on MESSRS. BRINSMEAD for services in connection with the "procuring" of newspaper paragraphs, interviews, and generally "the puff" unadulterated, of MESSRS. BRINSMEAD'S wares, has disclosed the rather alarming ascendancy which the advertiser is gaining over even respectable newspapers. The advertiser to-day is clearly not content with his space in the columns devoted to him, and the fierce competition among newspapers has resulted in his getting very much more. We are afraid that the "new Journalism" is, to a certain extent, responsible for this, but its consequences are entirely deplorable. It weakens the conscience of editors, destroys the *bona fides* of their views, gives an unpleasant trade flavour to the interview, and disturbs the confidence of the public in the disinterestedness and real independence of the press. If the tyranny of the censor is to be replaced by the tyranny of the advertiser, we have hardly advanced very far on the lines of freedom.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue (besides MR. SPURGEON'S) have been those of SIR GEORGE PAGET, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, and the creator, conjointly with his fellow-Professor of Surgery, of the flourishing medical school of that university; SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, whose eminence in the worlds of music, of fashion, and of medicine, and whose controversies with other eminent English and German medical men, need no more than a bare mention here; SIR ROBERT SANDEMAN, K.C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of Beloochistan; SIR CHARLES WINGFIELD, formerly Chief Commissioner of Oude, and later M.P. for Gravesend; SIR THOMAS PYCROFT, at one time a well-known member of the Government of Madras; SIR HERBERT SANDFORD, who had been connected with most of the International Exhibitions held in England, including that of 1862; SIR JOHN EARDLEY-WILMOT, long a County Court judge, and for eleven years a Liberal Member for Warwickshire; MR. J. H. TILLET, for many years a prominent figure among the Liberals of Norwich; SIR THOMAS WALLER, sometime Secretary of Legation at Athens and at Brussels; MR. RALPH BROCKLEBANK, the well-known Liverpool shipowner; HERR ADOLF HAUSER-SPAETH, a prominent member of the firm which owns (among other hotels) the Schweizerhof at Lucerne; PROFESSOR BERNHARD TEN BRINK, of Strasburg, who was one of the highest authorities on old English literature; MR. J. K. STEPHEN, whose "Lapsus Calami" and "Quo Musa Tendis" are probably the most humorous of recent humorous poems; the REV. HUGH HANNA, the well-known Presbyterian minister at Belfast; MR. HOWARD LIVESEY, whose name was familiar as a writer on social questions and an assailant of the

Manchester Ship Canal; MR. THOMAS WENMAN, the actor; and M. ALEXANDROS RHANGABÉ, by birth a Phanariot Greek of Constantinople, but for most of his life a citizen of the Hellenic Kingdom—a poet and a recognised authority on ancient Greek inscriptions and modern Greek literature.

THE RUSSIAN BUDGET FOR 1892.

BERLIN, February 2, 1892.

M. WYSCHNEGRADSKI, the Russian Finance Minister, has published his Budget for the current year, together with a commentary. The general figures are an income of 891,034,691 roubles, and an expenditure of 965,303,066 roubles, giving a deficit of 74,268,375 roubles. In 1891 the deficit was 47,794,812 roubles, for the income amounted to 914,507,709 roubles, and the expenditure to 962,302,521 roubles. This admission is in itself serious enough, but if we look a little closer into the details of the report, we shall see that it is very optimistic; that the expenditure will probably be considerably larger; and that the income is greatly overestimated, the more so as in the comparatively normal circumstances of the years 1888-90 the Russian Budgets when they were published showed a surplus, which regularly was turned into a deficit to be covered by loans. With the present famine, which cripples all the economical resources of the Empire, the deficit will certainly be much larger than the Minister admits.

Let us take some of the principal items of the revenue first. The most productive tax in Russia is that on brandy; it is estimated at 242,500,000 roubles, 17,000,000 roubles less than last year. In this the Minister is probably right, for, whatever may be the misery of the masses, as long as they have any money left they will rather spend it for brandy than for bread. That this enormous consumption of alcoholic drinks is in itself ruinous for the population cannot be contested, but at present we have only to examine whether the Minister is right in his estimates. He certainly is not so in fixing the receipts of the Customs at 110,900,000 roubles. The Russian tariff has become nearly prohibitive for goods of foreign industry; and as to those articles which must be imported, because the country cannot produce them, it is to be considered that hitherto they were mostly paid for by exported corn. At present this is impossible. The export of corn having been prohibited, the famine has greatly diminished the purchasing power even of the higher classes, and consequently the Customs revenue will fall off heavily. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of this loss for the Exchequer, but the fact in itself seems certain.

The Minister commits a similar error in putting the receipts of the redemption-payments of the former serfs at 74,000,000 roubles. This is indeed 24,750,000 roubles less than in 1891, but it is more than doubtful whether even this sum can be realised. If the peasants of more than twenty provinces are starving for want of food, where are they to find the money for paying the redemption-tax? The bad harvest must also greatly diminish the produce of the land-tax. More than 1,800 estates of the nobility are to be sold by the Agrarian Bank for want of payment of interest, and it is small comfort if really, as the Minister assumes, the Crown lands will yield half a million more, for this will mainly be due to the enhanced price of corn. The produce of the State railways is estimated at 20,500,000 roubles more than last year, but this increase results from the State's having bought up several private railways, so that the surplus represents the interest of the purchase-money, and on the other hand the Exchequer loses the payments which were made before by the railway companies.

We conclude by drawing attention to the heading, "Net Profits of Government, Bank operations, and

of Capital belonging to the Crown," because it is decidedly characteristic of the way in which the Minister deals with his Budget. It shows, compared to last year, an increase of 11,359,153 roubles (20,430,569 to 9,071,411), but how, in the present circumstances, when the Government is constantly borrowing, is such a sum to be realised? The explanation is simply that the assumed profit rests on a trick of book-keeping. Hitherto the net profits of the Imperial Bank have always been placed in the Budget second to the running year, so that that of 1889 appeared only in the Budget of 1891. M. Wyschnegradski makes those profits of 1889 and 1891 (4,869,868 roubles and 9,000,000 roubles) appear in the present Budget, and thus absorbs a sum formerly considered as a reserve for the current expenses. How can the statements of a Minister be relied upon who thus manages to fill up his accounts?

Turning to the expense, we find first that 247,824,688 roubles are required for the service of the public debt. It is but fair to state that Russia hitherto, notwithstanding her financial difficulties and the extremely unfavourable rate of exchange, has scrupulously fulfilled her obligations towards her foreign creditors not only as to the payment of interest, but also as regards the sinking fund, and partly in consequence of the working of the latter, the debt in 1892 requires nearly 9,000,000 roubles less than in 1891, although the new loans contracted in 1891 demand a new expense of 34,500,000 roubles. But M. Wyschnegradski passes in silence over the conversion of a series of former debts, by which he has indeed lowered the interest from 5 to 4 per cent., but has largely increased the capital of the debts, and extended the period of the repayment from twenty-five to ninety-one years. Thus the present charges are somewhat lessened, at the price of burdening the future to an immense amount, so that Russia in the end will pay more than double for these loans than was formerly contemplated—surely a short-sighted policy, which can only be explained by the necessity of finding funds at any price. The Minister boasts of his large gold reserves in foreign banks, but as he is unable to fill up the gaps arising from the payment of interest to foreign bondholders, they must gradually be reduced.

The navy requires an increase of 3,000,000 roubles, the army of 10,000,000 roubles, in consequence of the enhanced price of provisions; but what is most curious is that we find no details about the large sums to be spent for more than twenty provinces visited by the famine. The direct subventions which the Government had to pay, and will still have to pay, are very large, although entirely inadequate to the requirements of the case. Besides, there are the public works executed in order to give employment to the starving labourers. In the programme of the committee appointed for this purpose, and presided over by General Annenkov, we find the construction of important roads in nine provinces, felling timber to the amount of 48,572 dessjatines in the Crown forests, public waterworks, etc. All this will require a vast outlay, which certainly will not be much less than 80 to 100 million roubles, and we thus arrive at the conclusion that the total deficit for 1892 will amount to more than 200 millions, which, as there can be no question of increased taxation, can only be covered by a new and large loan. But where—under the present economical circumstances—will the Russian Government be able to borrow the necessary sum? The London market is out of the question; English capitalists have long ago sold their Russian bonds, considering them an unsafe investment, and will the less be disposed to advance money now that the financial condition of the Eastern Empire has become so much worse. But it is nearly the same with the German bankers, who formerly were the principal contractors for Russian loans; there is not the slightest prospect of floating such a loan either at Berlin or at Frankfurt. The Vienna market deals nearly exclusively in Austro-Hungarian securities, so Paris alone remains.

But French bankers have made bad experiences with the Russian loan of last summer. The 500 million francs were more than fully subscribed, but they were not taken by the public, although the Government and the press did all in their power to secure success of issue, and finally M. Wyschnegradski was compelled to take back 200 millions. The price of the bonds fell considerably below the issue price. How, after this failure, can the Russian Government hope to find, in its present critical circumstances, the milliard of francs which certainly will be required to cover the deficit of 1892 and of 1893? We think it impossible; and then nothing remains but a forced internal loan or the increase of paper-money, which will reduce the rate of exchange still more than is now the case, when it is 199, par being 305.

We speak of the deficit of 1893 as certain, and it is easy to show that it will be so. The principal cause of the present dearth is the drought during the last spring and early summer, and this absence of rain is greatly due to the devastation of the forests. The area formerly covered with timber was enormous; the woods belonged to the Crown, to the great landed proprietors and to the village communities. But the means of transport were then so imperfect and costly that only in the neighbourhood of large rivers did the felling of timber pay. This changed with the construction of railways and the abolition of serfdom; the former gave the possibility of selling with profit, and the peasants abandoned their woods to speculators for what they thought a good price, little thinking of the future; the larger proprietors followed their example, the purchase money was spent in drink and luxurious living, and no one thought of replanting. Too late has the Government issued a law for the protection of forests. Such a devastation going on for twenty years not only exhausts a source of wealth, but has also other bad consequences. When the country is deprived of its trees, the earth is dried up, and crumbles from the hills; the water coming down from heaven cannot be kept back as is the case with the woods, which act as a sponge, but rushes in torrents into the rivers and disappears in the sea, and the consequence is a gradual diminution of the fertility of the soil and the disappearing of numerous brooklets and small rivers, to help the larger ones show a low water-mark, which proves prejudicial to the navigation.

This state of things will make itself felt in the future likewise, the more so as the landed proprietors have been compelled to sell or kill their cattle and horses, for which they had no food. The outlook for Russia is therefore very menacing; the only good side as regards Europe consists in the fact that the financial straits prevent the Imperial Government pursuing its aggressive policy, and that therefore the Russian famine is a new guarantee of the maintenance of peace. HEINRICH GEFFCKEN.

A VILLAGE GENIUS.

THEY buried him to-day in the green God's Acre sown thickly with human dead, in the shadow of the little church with its square Norman tower, in the longer shadow of the Round Tower, raised so long ago that even its uses and its age are dimly guessed at, and that yet for all its hoariness in the verdant landscape looks Time between the eyes, and defies him, as it did—how many centuries ago? The Round Tower has seen much of death: many times, no doubt, this rich plain was a battle-field for many races. One who steals by the churchyard with a trembling heart might start to realise that underfoot, no matter whither one wends, there lie the forgotten dead; for our Old World has, every inch of it, been honeycombed with graves. The Round Tower stands in the smiling landscape like a Sphinx holding its secret and its thoughts. Of a summer afternoon it sets its long shadow like the shadow on the dial-plate across the graves. Tick, tick, goes the

clock of Time; if you listen you hear it in the silence, and Time passes, and we with it. But the Round Tower knows that, like the seasons, everything returns: there is never a lack of golden heads at the cottage doors, or birds to sing in the boughs in spring after the snow and the frost, or apple-blossoms, though last year's fell in showers or delicate pale leaves though the autumn swept such a myriad of dead leaves down the village street, to creep and whisper about the feet of the Round Tower like little ghosts of dead dreams. To the Round Tower everything returns; and because he is well-nigh eternal, he never notices such a detail as that they are not the same children, or the same birds, or the same blossoms and leaves. But it will not be next year, or for many a year, that he will again look upon a village genius.

The village genius was the son of a shoemaker, one of a family of robust brothers, all of the same trade, and himself unwillingly making boots for the farmers while his feet would fain be climbing the hill of Parnassus. I think, however, he was a shoemaker *manqué*, or how else was it that one would meet him sometimes striding along on a frosty afternoon when the setting sun turned all the snow to scarlet? an open book in his hand wherein the dusk was blotting out the letters, his gait a little fierce, striding along, as I have said, as if he would so walk away from something that irked him in his daily life. That was before I knew him so well as I did of late years, before I became his literary guide, and my word his judgment.

He was at the unromantic age of forty-two when he died; a spare man, with hair greyer and thinner than it should have been, regular pale features, eager eyes that jumped at you when you gave an advice or an explanation, a high bulging brow that might have given warning of the brain disease he was to die from.

His life had many disappointments. His own family were not untender, but were somewhat impatient of him; they wanted him to be a good shoemaker, not a bad poet. The people among whom he lived smiled at his ambitions, not realising how much more ignoble were their own: his aspirations and dreams were to the world he lived in nothing like so poetically named a thing as a mid-summer madness. He had a sweetheart once, a hypocritical, meek-faced thing, a village coquette with a pure profile, and hidden eyes, and pale soft cheeks under her drooping ringlets. She led the village genius into Paradise, and walked with him in its paths for a little while; then she jilted him, shamefully and shamelessly, for a friend of his, a good earner, troubled with no useless dreams and visions. They went to America, and the village genius gave no second woman the chance of wounding him.

Henceforth his devotion was to his lady Literature. Devotion more profound and entire I have never known. So long as he touched the hem of her skirt he was satisfied. He did wonders considering his difficulties. He made his way to France and remained long enough to learn the language, so as to get at the French writers. He had dreams of going further afield, especially when in latter days he grew prosperous, but alas! his feet will never again wander from his own village.

The first essays in literature he brought to me would have made me smile if he had not been so deeply in earnest. He had read only the stately, old-fashioned writers, the essayists of the *Spectator*, the poetry of Pope, who was his favourite. Add to the formality thus acquired the Irish peasant's love for big and sonorous words, and imagine the result! From the first I took him in earnest, and he was very docile. I preached to him perpetually the doctrine of simplicity. It was not easy to persuade him that it was better to say a thing was "red" than that it was "of ruby dye," but little by little he learned, and was encouraged as his simple verses became acceptable to a newspaper, now and again.

Then his subjects: he was quite capable at the time of a Dantesque poem on the Last Judgment, or another Ode on the Nativity. But by degrees he accepted my dictum that he must only write of things he knew, and so he came in time to write sketches of the life about him, with a certain vigorous realism, and to make simple verses on familiar things which, with every trial, came nearer to being poetry. I can see him sitting before me now, in his shoemaker's leather apron, as he sometimes came early in the morning, waiting with his eager eyes upon me as I read his latest story or verse, and sensitively ready to wince if my judgment were adverse. I often looked at him, indeed more in sorrow than in anger, for it was not easy to keep him from relapsing into magnificence, and verses opening delicately and sweetly would pull up about the third verse with a burst of bathos. However, I think I helped him every time he came, and he used to go away happy, his arms, with the turned-up sleeves, often full of the overflow from my bookshelves. He was an ascetic genius—in life and in his mind. He never touched drink; and in even the innocent pleasures of those about him he had no part: so he was attracted in literature by a chilly excellence, and had little feeling for colour or passion.

Those realistic stories of his often brought him into ill-repute. They were literal transcripts from the life about him, and when a paper drifted into the village containing a photographic description of how the Widow S— behaved to her husband in life and when he lay dead, or a certain curious page in the early family history of the most prosperous person in the village, there was commotion. But the village genius heeded it no more than the battle of the frogs that made all the water tremble in a deep ditch he passed on his evening walk towards the hills. If they thought him an unprofitable, and now a scurrilous person, he was too remote from them to heed. He lived in a world of his own; when he was hammering boots on the shop-bench and his thoughts were withdrawn into himself; when he sat in his bedroom in the roof among his books, and opened his high window to the stars; when he paced towards the mountains in a mood of exaltation that marked their solemnity and their eternal peace, but overlooked their transcendent colouring. I fear the village genius had a certain arrogance for his surroundings, and that as he found his expression, these people amongst whom he was bred and born became only so much material to him.

The stories led up to the season of prosperity of which I have spoken. His stories and his sketches became acceptable to a couple of papers which were connected. One was a Society paper of the most vapid sort, more foolish if less vicious than its London prototypes. To this the village genius not only contributed stories and sketches, but also Society paragraphs, for his sister had gone away and become a *modiste* to the great world, by which it will be seen that he was not the only remarkable person of his family. I often thought the editor of that Society paper was a bold man, for the genius drew on the long memories of the old people around him as well as his own, and many a strange page in the histories of county families found its way into the Society paper thinly disguised. The village genius contributed much to the paper for some time before he died, and I often smiled, seeing it in the hands of fashionable dames and misses, over another vision of the village genius in leather apron and with grimy face and hands. He felt it as a somewhat ignoble prosperity, but he was proud to earn money by the pen so long derided, very proud to draw out with pretended unostentation a cheque for his literary services, in full sight of his brothers and his fierce old father, who had raged against the piles of useless manuscript and the feckless son who would spend good sixpences by stealth to procure the *Athenæum* or the *Saturday Review*.

Yet, apart from this sordid gain, he kept a pure aspiration, and worked at his little poems by night, and strove patiently in his 'prenticeship to the art he hoped some day humbly to learn. It is all over now, and the rain will beat to-night above his quiet face. The little hard buds are forming on the trees, and the green snowdrop spears pushing sturdy heads above ground; even in the damp days there is a fresh breath of spring that sets all the birds to chattering. But he is heedless of it all, and the lovely and ordered procession of the months that once delighted him will pass him unheeded. At last he lies quite close to the heart of Nature and the secret of all things. To him, patiently learning, might have been said, in the exquisite words of a modern poet:—

"Wait, and many a secret nest,
Many a hoarded winter store,
Will be hidden on thy breast.
Things thou longest for
Will not fear or shun thee more.
Thou shalt intimately lie
In the roots of flowers that thrust
Upwards from thee to the sky,
With no more distrust
When they blossom from thy dust.
Silent labours of the rain
Shall be near thee, reconciled;
Little lives of leaf and grain—
All things shy and wild
Tell thee secrets, quiet child."

In life he would scarcely have had ear for the subtle sweetness of such poetry, yet it makes my thought of him, lying where the graves crowd thickly towards human sympathy and the occasional footfall of the living. The Round Tower knows the secrets of the upper air, but the quiet dead

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Or the furious winter rages,"

at rest in the earth amid the growing things, and in hope of a glorious immortality. There the village genius has learned masterfully intimacy with familiar things, and the last great simplicity of death.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE STORMING PARTY.

SAID Ted Leroy to Barrow,
"Though the breech is steep and narrow,
If we only gain the summit
It is odds we have the fort.
You have ten, and I have twenty,
And the thirty should be plenty
With Henderson and Henty
And McDermott in support."

Said Barrow to Leroy,
"It's a solid job, my boy,
For they've banked it
And they've flanked it,
And they've bored it with a mine.
But it's only fifty paces,
Ere we look them in the faces,
And the men are in their places,
With their toes upon the line."

Said Ted Leroy to Barrow,
"See that one ray, like an arrow,
How it tinges
All the fringes
Of the heavy drifting skies!
My orders are, begin it
At five thirty to the minute;
So at thirty-one I'm in it,
Or my junior gets his rise."

"We'll see the signal rocket,
And—Barrow, what's that locket—
That turquoise-studded locket,
Which you lifted from your pocket,

And are pressing with a kiss?
Turquoise-studded, spiral twisted,
Ah, 'tis it! And I had missed it
From her chain, and you have kissed it!
Barrow! Villain! What is this?"

"Leroy, I had a warning
That my time had come this morning,
So I speak with frankness, scorning
That my last breath should be false.
Yes, 'tis hers, this golden trinket,
Little turquoise-studded trinket.
She never gave it—do not think it,
For I stole it in a waltz."

"As we danced I gently drew it
From the chain. She never knew it.
But I love her, yes, I love her!
I am candid, I confess;
But I never breathed it—never!
For I knew 'twas vain endeavour,
And she loved you—loved you ever!
Would to God she loved you less!"

"Barrow, villain, you shall pay me,
Me! Your comrade! to betray me!
I need no man's word that Amy
Is as true as wife can be;
She to give a man a locket!
She would rather—Ha! the rocket!
Hi, McDougall!
Blow your bugle!
Yorkshires! Yorkshires! Follow me!"

Said Ted Leroy to Amy,
"Well, wifie, you may blame me,
But my temper overcame me,
When he told me of his shame.
And when I saw him lying
In a heap of dead and dying,
Why, poor devil, I was trying
To forget, and not to blame."

"And the locket—I unclasped it,
From the fingers that still grasped it,
He told me how he got it,
How he stole it in a waltz!"
And she listened leaden-hearted,
Oh, the weary day they parted!
For she loved him, ah, she loved him,
For his youth, and for his truth,
And for his dying words so false.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

SIR.—As a constant reader of your valuable paper from its first number, and as one jealous for its accuracy, may I point out a slight error in your article of to-day on "The Moral of Rossendale"? You say, "This is the twentieth seat which has been won," etc.; but Rossendale is the twenty-first, as the annexed list will show.

There is one feature of our victories that is not sufficiently noticed, namely, that in no less than eight cases, and these practically all borough seats except the first (viz., Spalding, Coventry, Southampton, Govan, Kennington, Rochester, Peterborough, and Eccles), we have captured seats that were not ours even in 1885.

When we remember that in 1885 there was a large Liberal-Nationalist majority, and this notwithstanding that we fared so disastrously in the boroughs, I think the auguries for the future are of the brightest.—Your obedient servant,

Highbury, January 30th, 1892.

B. D. M.

P.S.—I have omitted all reference to Ayr, which was won for a short time and lost again.

1887.—Burnley.	1890.—North St. Pancras.
Spalding.	Carnarvon.
Coventry.	Barrow.
Northwich.	Eccles.
1888.—West Edinburgh.	1891.—Hartlepool.
Southampton.	Stowmarket.
1889.—Govan.	Harborough.
Kennington.	Wisbech.
Rochester.	South Molton.
Peterboro'.	1892.—Rossendale.
North Bucks.	

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, February 5th, 1892.

NO less pious a railway director than Sir Edward Watkin lately prefaced an oration to the shareholders of one of his numerous undertakings by expressing, in broken accents, the wish that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb might deal gently with illustrious personages in their present grievous affliction." The wish was a kind one, and is only referred to here as another illustration of the amazing skill of the author of the phrase quoted by the speaker in so catching the tone, temper, and style of King James's version that the words occur to the feeling mind as naturally as any in Holy Writ as the best expression of a sorrowful emotion.

The phrase itself is, indeed, an excellent example of Sterne's genius for pathos. No one knew better than he how to drive words home. George Herbert, in his selection of "Outlandish Proverbs," to which he subsequently gave the alternate title "Jacula Prudentum," has the following: "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure"; but this proverb in that wording would never have succeeded in making the chairman of a railway company believe he had read it somewhere in the Bible. It is the same thought, but the words which convey it stop far short of the heart. A close-shorn sheep will not brook comparison with Sterne's "shorn lamb"; whilst the tender, compassionate, beneficent "God tempers the wind" makes the original "God gives wind by measure" wear the harsh aspect of a wholly unnecessary infliction.

Sterne is our best example of the plagiarist whom none dare make ashamed. He robbed other men's orchards with both hands; and yet no more original writer than he ever went to press in these isles.

He has been dogged, of course; but, as was befitting in his case, it has been done pleasantly. Sterne's detective, his Churton Collins, was the excellent Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, whose "Illustrations of Sterne," first published in 1798, were written at an earlier date for the edification of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Those were pleasant days, when men of reading were content to give their best thoughts first to their friends and then—ten years afterwards—to the public.

Dr. Ferriar's book is worthy of its subject. The motto on the title-page is delightfully chosen. It is taken from the opening paragraph of Lord Shaftesbury's "Miscellaneous Reflections":—"Peace be with the soul of that charitable and Courteous Author who for the common benefit of his fellow-Authors introduced the ingenious way of MISCELLANEOUS WRITING." Here Dr. Ferriar stopped; but I will add the next sentence:—"It must be owned that since this happy method was established the Harvest of Wit has been more plentiful and the Labourers more in number than heretofore." Wisely, indeed, did Charles Lamb declare Shaftesbury was not too genteel for him. No pleasanter penance for random thinking can be devised than spending an afternoon turning over Shaftesbury's three volumes and trying to discover how near he ever did come to saying that "Ridicule was the test of truth."

Dr. Ferriar's happy motto puts the reader in a sweet temper to start with, for he sees at once that the author is no pedantic, soured churl, but a good fellow who is going to make a little sport with a celebrated wit, and show you how a genius fills his larder.

The first thing that strikes you in reading Dr. Ferriar's book is the marvellous skill with which Sterne has created his own atmosphere and characters, in spite of the fact that some of the most characteristic remarks of his characters are, in the language of the Old Bailey, "stolen goods." "'There is no cause but one,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because God pleases to have it so.' 'That is Grangousier's solution,' said my father. 'T is He,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking up and not regarding my father's interruption, 'who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions and for such ends as is agreeable to His infinite wisdom.'" "'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh'; and if those are not the words of my Uncle Toby, it is idle to believe in anything": and yet we read in Rabelais—as, indeed, Sterne suggests to us we should—"Pourquoi," dit Gargantua, 'est-ce que frère Jean a si beau nez?' 'Parce,' répondit Grangousier, 'qu'ainsi Dieu l'a voulu, lequel nous fait en telle forme et à telle fin selon son divin arbitre, qu'il fait un potier ses vaisseaux.'"

To create a character and to be able to put in his mouth borrowed words which yet shall quiver with his personality is the supreme triumph of the greatest "miscellaneous writer" who ever lived.

Dr. Ferriar's book, after all, but establishes this—that the only author whom Sterne really pillaged is Burton, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," a now well-known writer, but who in Sterne's time, despite Dr. Johnson's partiality, appears to have been neglected. Sir Walter Scott, an excellent authority on such a point, says, in his *Life of Sterne*, that Dr. Ferriar's essay raised the "Anatomy of Melancholy" to double price in the book market."

Sir Walter is unusually hard upon Sterne in this matter of the "Anatomy." But different men, different methods. Sir Walter had his own way of cribbing. Sterne's humorous conception of the character of the elder Shandy required copious illustration from learned sources, and a whole host of examples and whimsicalities, which it would have passed the wit of man to invent for himself. He found these things to his hand in Burton, and, like our first parent, "he scrupled not to eat." It is not easy to exaggerate the extent of his plunder. The well-known chapter with its refrain "The Lady Baussière rode on," and the chapter on the death of Brother Bobby, are almost, though not altogether, pure Burton.

The general effect of it all is to raise your opinion immensely—of Burton. As for your opinion of Sterne as a man of conduct, is it worth while having one? It is a poor business bludgeoning men who bore the brunt of life a long century ago, and whose sole concern now with the world is to delight it. Laurence Sterne is not standing for Parliament. "Eliza" has been dead a dozen decades. Nobody covers his sins under the cloak of this particular parson. Our sole business is with "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey"; and if these books are not matters for congratulation and joy, then the pleasures of literature are all fudge, and the whole thing a got-up job of "The Trade" and the hungry crew who go buzzing about it.

Mr. Traill concludes his pleasant *Life of Sterne* in a gloomy vein, which I cannot, for the life of me, understand. He says, "The fate of Richardson might seem to be close behind him" (Sterne). Even the fate of "Clarissa" is no hard one. She still numbers good intellects, and bears her century lightly. Diderot, as Mr. Traill reminds us, praised her outrageously—but Mr. Ruskin is not far behind; and from Diderot to Ruskin is a good "drive." But

Tristram is a very different thing from Clarissa. I should have said, without hesitation, that it was one of the most popular books in the language. Go where you will amongst men—old and young, undergraduates at the Universities, readers in our great cities, old fellows in the country, judges, doctors, barristers—if they have any tincture of literature about them, they all know their "Shandy" at least as well as their "Pickwick." What more can be expected? "True Shandeism," its author declares, "think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs." I will be bound to say Sterne made more people laugh in 1891 than in any previous year; and, what is more, he will go on doing it—"that is, if it please God," said my Uncle Toby." A. B.

REVIEWS.

TWO BOOKS ON COLONIAL POLICY.

AN ESSAY ON THE GOVERNMENT OF DEPENDENCIES. By Sir George Cornwall Lewis (originally published in 1841). Edited, with an Introduction, by C. P. Lucas, B.A., of the Colonial Office. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1891.

DE LA COLONISATION CHEZ LES PEUPLES MODERNES. Par Paul Leroy-Beaulieu (de l'Institut), Professeur au Collège de France. Quatrième Edition. Paris: Guillaumin & Cie., 1891.

THE publication of the two treatises whose names we have subjoined comes very opportunely, when Colonial problems, which we have of late years sought rather to forget, are becoming, both in North America and in Australasia, too important to be any longer neglected. Sir George Lewis's "Government of Dependencies" is an old book, for it appeared just fifty years ago. But a work so full of careful observation and statesmanlike reflection is never out of date; on the contrary, one may almost say that the changes which have happened since it was written make many of its views more interesting and suggestive than they were then. We do not always agree, but we always feel ourselves in the presence of a sound and vigorous thinker, who adds practical knowledge of affairs to a large familiarity with history and economics. Lewis was, moreover, a man so fully abreast of, but not far ahead of, the best thought of his time, that we find in him an excellent mirror of that thought, and can thereby measure the changes that have passed over the doctrines of publicists as well as the practice of politicians since the Colonial Secretaryship of Lord Grey, and the Canadian experiences of Lord Durham.

The Clarendon Press Delegates have been fortunate in finding a singularly competent editor in Mr. Lucas. Both his Introduction and his Notes greatly add to the value of the book, for they are written, not only from a wide knowledge, but with a careful appreciation as well of Sir G. C. Lewis's modes of thought as of the lines on which opinion has moved from his day to our own. The Introduction contains a clear and judicious survey of the course of colonial policy during the past half century, and a not less judicious examination of the chief colonial problem of the present, viz., the advantages of maintaining political connection between Britain and her colonies, and the best means of maintaining that connection, a subject to which we shall presently recur.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu's book is of a different type. It is primarily a sketch of the history of the colonising action of the great European nations, and a description of the actual state of the colonies thus produced; and the element of political philosophy, so conspicuous in Sir G. C. Lewis, is entirely subordinated to this statement of facts. But though it is thus a work of less permanent interest, as well as of inferior intellectual power, it contains so much useful information, set forth so intelligently, and on the whole so fairly, as to be a most useful complement to the treatise of our countryman. Beginning with the Spanish conquest of America, M. Leroy-Beaulieu

passes in review the colonising policy and action of the Portuguese, the Dutch, the English, the French, the Danes and Swedes, down to the end of last century. He then proceeds to note the new forms which colonisation has taken in this century, and after describing the fate of the possessions of France, England, and Spain, in the West Indies, he deals shortly with the attempts of Germany and Italy to effect settlements in Africa; and goes on to give a very full and instructive account of Algeria and Tunis, with a briefer, but generally accurate description of the recent development of Canada and Australia, and of the advance of Russia in Central, Northern, and Eastern Asia. This advance, which has been observed in Western Europe chiefly from the political point of view, has, as he remarks, immense economic significance. He indicates, in a penetrating passage, the conditions that have aided Russia and that strengthen her position, but strangely omits to notice the analogous process which has been going on in North America, where the people of the Atlantic Coast, both in the United States and in Canada, have spread themselves out to the West and colonised the enormous territories between the Alleghanies and Great Lakes on the east and the Pacific Ocean on the west. No two movements of population in the modern world better illustrate one another both by their similarities and by their contrasts. In the remainder of the book (constituting about a fifth of the whole) various questions of Colonial policy are dealt with, such as emigration, the investment of home capital in Colonial enterprises, the value of Colonial commerce, the control and disposition of Colonial lands, the system of Chartered Companies, and the methods of administration and government to be applied to Colonies. M. Leroy-Beaulieu's handling of these large topics can hardly be called masterly or original, but it is always intelligent and seldom superficial. He has taken pains to inform himself of the facts, and he reasons from them in a sensible and unprejudiced way. He has been struck by two salient phenomena: first, the immense increase of interest in colonisation and desire of the European peoples to lay hold of the vacant spaces of the world; and secondly, the comparative failure of France to make her Colonies prosperous and a source of strength. He is anxious to ascertain the causes of this failure, and he goes to history, particularly the history of Great Britain and her settlements, for the explanation.

Of the many points raised by a comparison of the views of Sir G. C. Lewis and his editor with those of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, we can advert to a few only. The Englishman wrote at the moment when the policy of complete "responsible government," as we now understand it, was being considered as respects Canada, but had not come up as respects any other colony. In a measured and guarded way he recommends the extension of self-government to dependencies that are fit for it; but his language implies that such complete self-government as Canada and the Australasian colonies now enjoy would be virtual independence; and he expressly says that "If a dominant country understood the true nature of the advantages arising from the relation of supremacy and dependence to the related communities, it would voluntarily recognise the legal independence of such of its own dependencies as were fit for independence; it would by its political arrangements study to prepare for independence those which were still unable to stand alone; and it would seek to promote colonisation for the purpose of extending its trade rather than its Empire, and without attempting to maintain the dependence of its colonies beyond the time when they need its protection."

On the other hand, Mr. Lucas, though by no means what is called an Imperial Federationist, points out that most of the disadvantages which Lewis finds the Mother Country "to suffer from owning colonial possessions have either disappeared or been minimised; whereas, on the other hand, she

still derives some very substantial benefits from her colonies;" while the advantage Lewis treats almost contemptuously—"the glory which a country is supposed to derive from an extensive colonial empire"—has a real and important value, and that not merely a sentimental but a practical one. M. Leroy-Beaulieu goes even further. He regards England as highly enviable in respect of her colonies; ascribes her success to the wide grants of self-government she has made; and conceives that, in spite of the Protective tariff systems some of them have foolishly adopted, the benefits she receives far outweigh the disadvantages. However, he thinks that the time must arrive when the political life and local pride of a prosperous self-governing colony will have reached such a point that the Mother Country will be confronted by two alternatives:—Either she may incorporate the colony, should the conditions of proximity and of economic and social similarity make this possible; or she must create a purely federative tie, with full reciprocal administrative independence. He seems to think that by such an expedient total separation may be avoided; but those who read Mr. Lucas's careful examination of the question, in his Introduction, will realise the enormous difficulties which lie before any scheme of Federation.

Both M. Leroy-Beaulieu and Mr. Lucas refer to, and both approve, the recent re-appearance of the chartered company as a colonising agent. Few things in recent history are more remarkable. Within a very few years from the disappearance of the East India Company and the cession to Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company of its territorial rights, four new companies, partly trading, partly conquering, have sprung up in England—the North Borneo Company, the Niger Company, the East African Company, the South African Company. Germany has produced three—the East African Company, the South-West African (Damaraland and Angra Pequena) Company, and the New Guinea Company. Portugal has her Mozambique Company, and the so-called Congo State has been left vacant to what is virtually another such semi-commercial, semi-political enterprise. None of these undertakings has as yet proved a conspicuous commercial success. Neither has any yet had time to establish a stable dominion, though two of the English companies do fairly well, and a third (as the newspapers have informed us) is sanguine of paying its way after 1893. The German enterprises, indeed, have sadly disappointed their promoters; and the Portuguese society is nothing but a contrivance for protesting against and quarrelling with its English neighbour. The real importance, both of the German and the English organisations, lies in the fact that they are less overt and ostentatious, but not less real, engines of annexation than the proclamations and soldiers of the States to which they belong. Mr. Lucas sees the good side of the movement, and deems "the second birth of chartered companies one of the most hopeful as it is one of the most unexpected signs of the times." M. Leroy-Beaulieu is less cordial, for he finds England playing at her old game, as Frenchmen think it, of quietly appropriating the best parts of the uncivilised world. But he applauds our activity, and would like to have seen France equally watchful and alert. He holds that before long—not improbably, in the case of South Africa and East Africa, within a quarter of a century—the Crown will have taken over the territories which the companies have now obtained permission to regulate. In enumerating the advantages which this flexible and variable system offers, among which he specially admires the power which the Government has of disavowing any act of the company, M. Leroy-Beaulieu omits to notice the enormous increase of liabilities which the company may, in case of war or disaster, impose upon the Government. Fascinated by the civilising mission of the great European nations, he holds that the extension of their authority is a sufficient compensa-

tion for the losses they may incur, and the dangers they may have to face.

Another singular revival, though in a better form, of an ancient expedient of colonisation is dealt with by both Mr. Lucas and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, viz., the transplantation of large masses of native labour from one part of the tropical world to another. What the slave trade was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the conveyance of coolies and, in a less degree, the spontaneous movement of Chinese, has been to the latter half of the nineteenth; and the causes which have produced this migration suggest some of the difficulties which will arise when the "spheres of influence" which European Powers now claim in equatorial Africa have been turned into effective dominion. India was a comparatively civilised country when we conquered it, possessing an old industrial organisation. But in no other tropical country have Europeans succeeded in developing the resources of the soil without slavery or something dangerously near it. Yet the economic problem in the West Indies, in the Philippines, in Queensland, is far simpler than such a region as equatorial Africa will present to the European adventurers of next century.

SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS.

SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS: AN ARCHEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL STUDY. By Dr. C. Schuchhardt, Director of the Kestner Museum in Hanover. Translated from the German by Eugenie Sellers, with an Appendix on the recent discoveries at Hisarlik by Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld, and an Introduction by Walter Leaf, Litt. D. Illustrated. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

IN 1886 Dr. Schuchhardt, who was then excavating in the Troad, began the German original of the present book at the request of F. A. Brockhaus. In the prosecution of this work he had the sympathy and co-operation of Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld, which have evidently been given to the translator also. All the numerous illustrations to be found in "Troy and its Remains (1874)," "Mycenæ and Tiryns" (1878), "Ilios" (1880), "Orchomenos" (1881), "Troja" (1884), and "Tiryns" (1886), were placed at Dr. Schuchhardt's free disposal. Hence it is not necessary to look beyond his pages, or those of his translator, for the adequate representation of any one of Dr. Schliemann's great discoveries. Even the record of his last campaign in the Troad appears in an appendix; with a touching word of preface from Mrs. Schliemann.

So great is the esteem in which Dr. Schuchhardt's work is held in Germany, that being out of print, a second edition was recently called for. He is fortunate in having found so successful a translator; for the English version before us is remarkable for its unstrained and idiomatic vigour. So true is this of the book as a whole, that we point out with some hesitation a few passages where we have italicised words that seem ill-chosen.

"Dr. Schliemann next began excavations at different other places" (page 15); and lower on the same page, "From that journey he sent a number of coffers. . . to the Ethnological Museum in Berlin;" and again, on page 32. . . "transformations of legendary matter as audacious as those which our own age has seen emanating from the bold brain of Richard Wagner." We hasten to urge our readers to satisfy themselves that these are mere lapses, easily removable in a second edition. The translator deserves thanks not only for the excellent style, but also for helpful references to various authors, and to the treasures of the British Museum, as well as for the important appendix on the Vaphio cups, which, with its beautiful illustrations, is an indispensable addition to our knowledge of the civilisation of Mycenæ and Tiryns. The introductory account, by Mr. Walter Leaf, of the connection between that civilisation and the poems of Homer, supplies just the critical estimate which Dr. Schuchhardt's work needs. Scholars, as well as readers in general, will welcome Mr. Leaf's survey of the work of Dr.

Schliemann, which "has been no less than the creation of prehistoric Greek archaeology." As he says, "it is not for epoch-making men to see the rounding off and completion of their task." Mr. Leaf presents clearly the difficulty as to modes of burial. Homer does not recognise in plain words any other custom than that of burning the dead; Dr. Schliemann has discovered at Mycenæ only the tombs of men who were buried, and he had himself long since declared that the Ithacan graves which Guitara opened could not be prehistoric, because the bodies in them had not been burned. Another difficulty concerns the costume ascribed by Homer to the men of his story. A totally different manner of clothing is the only one recorded on the monuments found at Mycenæ; and yet, Mr. Leaf concludes that there are positive evidences, outweighing these negative ones, which reasonably establish "the undesigned coincidence" between the culture of Mycenæ and the poems of Homer. These evidences are found in the fourth chapter of this book, which is devoted to Mycenæ, and also in the third chapter, on Tiryns, although it is tolerably clear that the civilisation of Tiryns was older than that of Mycenæ, and that the memory of it was comparatively dim in the days of the Homeric poems.

The more nearly, however, we agree with Dr. Schuchhardt and Dr. Schliemann in their substantially identical account of the Mycenaean discoveries, the less shall we be able to follow them in their explanation of the remains of the second city unearthed on Hissarlik. Not that, according to our view, they make it too ancient. On the contrary, by bringing the epoch at which the second city of the Hissarlik mound was built too near to that of the prehistoric civilisation at Mycenæ, they have underestimated the unique value of the Trojan discovery. Supplemented by previous and subsequent discoveries made in the lava-beds of Santorin, on other islands of the Ægean, and in Egypt, the prehistoric Troy of Dr. Schliemann's Priam resuscitates an era of civilisation which antedates that of Mycenæ and the earlier one of Tiryns by two centuries at the very least. If this be true, it is idle longer to maintain any connection, however remote, between the fancies of Homer and the facts of Hissarlik. The order adopted by Dr. Schuchhardt, who treats first of Troy, next of Tiryns, and last of Mycenæ, is therefore a chronological one, where, however, the lapse of time is far greater between the first and second than between the second and third.

Nowhere, perhaps, have the arguments for the extreme antiquity of Dr. Schliemann's Troy been better presented than by himself in his own "Troja." He appears never to have considered fully the inevitable result of succeeding too well in maintaining the point in question. And yet François Lenormant, in his most sympathetic account of the newly-published first results of Trojan excavations (Academy, March 21st and 28th, 1874), had given fair warning. He adopted, as few scholars are able to do, almost the identical beliefs of Dr. Schliemann "in the reality of the existence of Troy, and in the fact of the Trojan War," and did not reject "the name of Priam, preserved by tradition as that of the last King of Troy." Yet he maintained a still earlier origin for the remains at Hissarlik, which he connected with an age of pure copper immediately succeeding the stone age. Reinforcing this point by excavations made in Asia Minor, and by what he and the historian Finlay had found in Attica, Lenormant then appealed to "the remarkable monuments left by the Pelopidae at Mycenæ and in the plain of Argos" as giving certain testimony of the far higher point reached by civilisation at the outbreak of the Trojan War. It is remarkable that so nearly correct a forecast of the results to be obtained by Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mycenæ should have been made before they were begun. Our only final appeal then is from Schliemann to Schliemann. We must correct his earlier theories by his later discoveries, and console

ourselves with the paradox that Troy never existed, and Bunabarshi was its site.

So literally do present opinions of all shades bear the mark of Dr. Schliemann's personality, so completely have his character and the manner of life he led invaded our whole consideration of the heroic age in Greece, that the biography prefixed to the present book is one of its most instructive chapters. It is an adaptation from his autobiography published at the beginning of "Ilios," but also contains, sadly enough for those who looked to him for further enlightenment and inspiration, the record of his recent death. Perhaps, however, the most telling of all printed accounts of this great and consistent career is that less complete one which he himself published in 1869, before the days of his fame, and which was reprinted in "Troy and its Remains" (1874). In his preface to "Mycenæ and Tiryns," Mr. Gladstone, who had been persuaded half against his will by Dr. Schliemann to undertake the difficult task, speaks of the discoverer as representing "a destiny stronger than the will of gods." Surely there is a reality for us in those words which we feel more strongly, now that the great lover of Homer has left us. However different from his may be our final conclusions, we shall have reached them with him as our guide.

A GASCON POET.

JASMIN BARBER, POET, PHILANTHROPIST. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D.
London: John Murray.

JACQUES JASMIN, the latest addition to the Smiles picture gallery of good men struggling with adversity, is described by his biographer as barber, poet, and philanthropist. The three terms sum up quite accurately the chief aspects of a life of humble industry, provincial renown, and practical compassion. Jasmin was born in the little town of Agen, in the south of France, in 1798, and there, for the most part, he lived; and it was at Agen, amongst his own people, that he died on the 5th of October, 1864. Today, crowning the picturesque streets of his birth-place—nearly opposite the little shop in which he carried on his trade as a barber—a bronze statue of the poet of the people meets the gaze of every visitor to the town. It bears on its pedestal the words "Poetry and Charity," and Dr. Smiles is entitled to claim that that brief inscription indicates with more than ordinary exactness the leading features of the provincial barber's life and character. Jacques Jasmin, with a touch of grandiloquence which was thoroughly characteristic of the man, was accustomed to declare that he had been born in the "state of poverty, with the star of poetry in his breast." All through his life he was open to the charge of vanity, and he never made any attempt to conceal his love of applause.

The son of a poor tailor, Jasmin married at eighteen, and a sharp struggle with poverty instead of embittering him seems only to have drawn out into practical channels the sympathies of a sensitive and generous heart. Longfellow, in a familiar passage in his works, commits himself to the somewhat rash statement that Jasmin is to the south of France what Burns is to the south of Scotland—the representative of the heart of the people. This is perhaps a half truth rather than the whole, but when due allowance is made for the kindly exaggeration of a brother poet of the people, the statement may be allowed to stand. Jasmin wrote voluminously, and his poems fill four octavo volumes, but it was with his songs that he first captivated the peasantry of Southern France.

Sainte-Beuve was of opinion that Jasmin was the greatest poet who has ever written in the pure patois of Gascony, and he even went so far to assert that if France possessed but ten singers of the same power and influence she need no longer cherish any fear of revolutions. Dr. Smiles is evidently disposed to regard the "Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé"—a poem which is familiar to English readers by reason of Longfellow's musical translation—as the best of Jasmin's writings; but most critics would

probably accord the first place to "Franconnette," or, with Sainte-Beuve, to "Les Ciseaux Voyageurs." Although Jasmin's range was not very great, he was a true poet, and men like Charles Nodier and Jules Janin found strength and beauty enough in his artless lyrics to warrant their encomiums. Jacques Jasmin has been described as the "St. Vincent de Paul of poetry," and, in spite of the exaggeration of such a comparison, there was enough in the barber-poet's life to suggest the epithet. The truth is, Jasmin was at the beck and call of every good cause, and travelled up and down France reciting his poems in order to raise money for religious and other charities. Throughout his life he retained his simplicity and his warm heart, and he never forgot his own early struggles, and so was ever ready to help the poor. Dr. Smiles has gathered together many interesting facts and anecdotes concerning this gifted and true-hearted man, and though the book in point of literary style is inferior to the best in the group of biographies from the same pen, it possesses distinct merit. Dr. Smiles is much more successful in descriptions of Jasmin's personal characteristics, surroundings, and philanthropic labours than in the criticism of his place in French literature. It is only fair to add, however, that the monograph is not one which is intended for students, but rather for that wide popular audience which Dr. Smiles long ago won by a series of honourable literary achievements, marked even more conspicuously by generosity of judgment than by critical skill.

FICTION.

1. THE STORY OF CHRIS. By Rowland Grey. One vol. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.
2. THE HEIRESS OF BEECHFIELD. By M. E. Baldwin. Two vols. London: Digby, Long & Co.
3. DOCTOR HUGUET. By Ignatius Donnelly. One vol. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1892.

THERE can be no doubt that "Rowland Grey" must take a high place among modern writers of fiction. Her style is admirable—gentle and clear, bright and engaging. It is free from any sign of that desire to write with strength that so often causes the lady-novelist to forget the beauties of restraint; and yet in this one small volume there is more than one scene which displays remarkable power. The choice of words is very delicate—we have none of the worn-out collocations of epithet and substantive—and this delicacy is never carried into affectation, never deprives the writing of its warmth and vigour, never becomes mere preciousness. It has the freshness of spring-time in it, and the appearance of spontaneity which is the best and surest evidence of affectionate artistic labour. There is that mark of distinction and individuality in the book which makes it very dangerous to attempt to guess what the author's potentialities are; we can believe that they will give us something better and greater than "The Story of Chris"; we shall be well satisfied if they give us work as good.

"The Story of Chris" would lead us to think that the author—in this respect like Charlotte Brontë—had more knowledge of human nature than of human affairs. We do not mean that the incidents of the story, the mere machinery of it, will seem unreal and unconvincing to the reader, but only that the writer sees more clearly when she looks inwardly than when she looks outwardly; she writes with more confidence when she is telling us how a woman thinks about a man than when she is describing a hotly-contested election; she knows the love of creating which exists in every author better than she knows, perhaps, the business of a bank or the editing of a provincial newspaper. But we see in this not so much a cause for complaint as some evidence that the author's experiences have had the necessary limitations of youth, and that in consequence we may expect some further development. The book is not ignorant and amateurish; but it has not yet gained all that practice and experience can

give. In the delineation of character the writer shows something of the inequality which is also a sign that the perfection of her powers is not yet quite reached. The French cook is merely the French cook of fiction à l'Anglaise, who is only introduced because he is humorous, and is only humorous because he regards his work as an art. In some of the more important characters we think that we trace unconscious recollections of the characters of other books. But Chris seems to us to have been created. She is bright; we mean that she is intelligent—not that she is the "playful little puss" that has been presented in hundreds of novels, and must have shortened the lives of hundreds of reviewers; she has real passion and dignity; she is admirable and yet human. Her story will be followed with sympathy and interest, from its first page until its artistic and unconventional conclusion. It is simple enough; but it displays quality of a high order in the writer, and should certainly serve to further advance her reputation.

One descends considerably in passing from "The Story of Chris" to "The Heiress of Beechfield." The latter is the dull and ordinary novel, innocuous and uninteresting, told with less than the average merit. The heroine is an heiress, with lovers:—

(1) A bad peer, strongly recommended by the heroine's grandmother. He proposes and is rejected.

(2) A young curate. He is practically engaged to another woman. The heroine rejects him, rebukes him, and sends him back to his allegiance.

(3) A very noble cousin. Immediately before proposing, he asked if the heroine was sure that he was not an intolerable prig. The heroine was quite sure he was not; we are equally sure that he was, in spite of his admirable qualities. He was rejected. "I love you dearly," she says, "but not like that—not in the way that you would have me love you. I cannot be your wife." However, this is just the kind of book in which the heroine marries the leading prig.

(4) A gallant guardsman, younger son of the Marquis of B., strongly recommended by the grandmother. He never got so far as proposal, and married another woman.

(5) A brilliant villain. The heroine falls in love with him, and accepts him. And all the time that villain is a married man, and has no business to propose at all.

By this time we are well into the second volume. There are two possible endings—the happy and the unhappy. The readers of the novel may find out for themselves which is selected. It is not a very bad book, perhaps, but it is heavy, encumbered with platitudes and cheap moralising, and without any trace of fresh observation or insight.

"Doctor Huguet" was a good man, but he was persuaded by the woman whom he loved to abandon his championship of the negro, lest it should stand in the way of his political advancement. He then saw a vision. He next woke up to find himself inhabiting the body of an immoral negro; the soul of the immoral negro was meanwhile inhabiting the body of the good Doctor Huguet. This work is, we fancy, intended to be taken seriously. Sometimes it reminds us of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and sometimes of "Vice-Versa." The ideas of its author are extravagant; he seems to be quite unable to invest them with any conviction; and their paternity is evident.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE magazines have not for a considerable time been so generally interesting as they are this month, more particularly in that department in which the interest both of writers and readers is so apt to flag, the literary articles to wit.

Mr. Walter Pater's name has never been a common phenomenon in periodical literature, and its appearance in a magazine always attracts attention from the rarity of the occurrence, as well as on other

grounds still more creditable to Mr. Pater. In "The Genius of Plato" (*Contemporary*), Plato is defined as a realist in terms that might even satisfy M. Zola, and show him that not only, as he assured his interviewer (*Albemarle*), can Realism never die, however much it may change, but that it has existed from the beginnings of literature. Plato, says Mr. Pater, is one for whom the visible world "really exists," because he is, by nature, and before all things, from first to last, unalterably a lover. This is pretty much Bacon's *lumen madidum*, or intellect steeped in affection, referred to by Carlyle in "Wotton Reinfred" (*New Review*). Such a one was Carlyle himself. Those who doubt it will find an illustration of his intense humanity in the second instalment of Sir C. G. Duffy's "Conversations with Carlyle" (*Contemporary*). The misery he felt when he learned that the charming bride whom he had tried to entertain on the journey to Sligo thought him a twaddling old Scotchman, will be ascribed by many exclusively to offended vanity; but they forget that the greatest lovers of men and of things are necessarily the greatest self-lovers. This of "intellect steeped in affection" is also pretty much what the writer of "Romance and Youth" (*Macmillan*) means when he says that at whatever age one finds one's self, to be persuaded that *that* is the age of romance is to have the elixir of perpetual youth. The same writer, remembering Helen, Penelope, and Cleopatra, points out that it was no such Copernican discovery for romance when Balzac made his vaunted "woman of thirty" the centre of the system of his human comedy. Mr. Andrew Lang would agree with him regarding the age of Helen, but we question if it has often struck him in reading the "Iliad" that the Trojan War was far liker a series of football matches than modern warfare. Not Mr. Lang only, who writes a scholarly article on "Homer and the Higher Criticism" (*National*), but many who know Homer best through Pope or Chapman will be indignant at such a comparison. The article in *Macmillan* is, however, full of good things, and well worth reading. Mr. Arthur D. Innes—"About Tennyson" (*Monthly Packet*)—reminds us that although there is a Tennyson and a Browning camp, there is no valid reason why the votaries of either poet should give way to an inclination to turn the very faults of their bard into merits by way of proving that the merits of the other are very little better than faults.

We confess to having felt at first some amazement at the seeming warmth of Mr. Henry James's appreciation of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work as a novelist (*English Illustrated*); but a careful consideration of his short article brought out the fact that his interest in "Robert Elsmere" is not by any means purely literary. It is rather as a social phenomenon that he admires that work with an admiration somewhat akin, we should say, to that which Hamlet's mother felt for her son. The points he emphasises are that Mrs. Ward is at once the author of the work of fiction that has in our time been most widely circulated, and the most striking example of the unprecedented kind of attention which the feminine mind is now at liberty to excite. Professor Boyesen, writing of "Mr. Howells and His Work" (*Cosmopolitan*), says that literature is the autobiography of the race: with which few will disagree; but when he goes on to insist that that part of it which is not autobiographic in the sense of being contemporary is of inferior value, we at once ask "Contemporary with what?" Professor Boyesen replies boldly, "Contemporary with the characteristic qualities of the people to which an author belongs." Would the professor be surprised to learn that it is quite possible to defend the proposition that the greatest literature is that in which racial distinctions are kept in the background? Other interesting literary papers are Professor Hales's note on "Run-aways Eyes" (*Longman's*); "The Stage and Literature" (*Fortnightly*), in which Mr. Archer banters Mr. Traill and those dramatists who cherish some

superstitious belief in the magic power of the printing-press to transmute rubbish into literature; and Mr. Sidney Lee's "Word for the Reviewers." (*National*).

The *Contemporary* seems to have secured all the "Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning." Four writers discourse in its columns on their acquaintance with him whom some are calling, surely too soon, the great Cardinal. In this grouping together in one magazine of a number of writers on one subject, not for debate, but merely for exposition, a new element appears to be introduced into the competition that keeps the monthlies up to the mark. Before, it was the legitimate aim of editors to secure the best writer on a given subject; if it should become the aim of each to secure all the writers—prices will go up, whatever else happens. There are more "Reminiscences of Washington Allston" in *Scribner's*. The first of a series of articles on Haydon in *Temple Bar* is specially good. "An Eighteenth Century Friendship" (*Longman's*), by Miss I. A. Taylor, is an interesting chapter in the lives of Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald.

The recent exposure of the ubiquitous skeleton, the public washing of the dirty linen of more than one prominent household, has led to the discussion of the marriage question by Mrs. Lynn Linton in the *New Review*, and by Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe and the Countess of Malmesbury in the *Fortnightly*. Mrs. Linton's paper is well reasoned and reasonable. She invites us to recognise the hitherto unfamiliar fact that women are not only humanly capable of committing, but are now absolutely in the midst of temptations to commit legal crimes and moral crimes from which a more home-staying and less adventurous manner of life once preserved them; and reiterates her demand that divorce be granted for habitual drunkenness, madness, and felony. The Countess of Malmesbury's reply to Mr. Donisthorpe's plain-speaking is altogether beside the mark.

In Mr. Grant Allen's "Desert Fruit" (*Longman's*) the prickly pear is treated as a typical instance of a desert plant, drinking as much as it can when opportunity offers, and economising evaporation by every means in its power. The anonymous "Pretty Poll" (*Cornhill*), which we take to be Mr. Grant Allen's work also, is a charming popular scientific paper. Among the members of the parrot tribe, the ever memorable kea, soon to be extinct, receives due attention. This is the bird—until fifty years ago a vegetarian—which developed under the eyes of the New Zealand colonists a taste for sheep's kidneys, hot and raw from the living subject, at the same time as the human natives took to tall hats and strong liquors. There are some fine verses in "Grasmere" (*Monthly Packet*), a fragmentary poem by Dorothy Wordsworth. Mr. C. J. O'Malley's "Enceladus" (*Century*) is a striking poem, and there is a fine phrase, "ripe for his epitaph," used of an old man in Mr. R. E. Burton's "Song and Singer" (*Century*). The very interesting article by Mr. G. E. Boase on "The Reading-Room of the British Museum" (*Middlesex Note-book*) has attracted much attention.

The best things in *The Idler* are Mr. Jerome's "Silhouettes" and Mr. Andrew Lang's "Enchanted Cigarettes." In the former the bulk of the incidents are so sombre that a more detailed treatment might have been inartistic. We hope to be there when Mr. Lang is king, and commands Mr. Stevenson to tell him his own story of how Queen Elizabeth couldn't marry because she was Lord Darnley. We note in the composite photographs that when a young and an old face are blended, the former invariably predominates. In more complex mixtures the older faces have more show. One cautious general remark may be made about *The Idler*. Many magazines before achieving individuality require to pass through a period of probation, and be, like Britain, battered by the shocks of doom into shape and use; but *The Idler* has succeeded at once in specialising itself—a really remarkable feat.

ECONOMIC METHOD.

THE SCOPE AND METHOD OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By John Neville Keynes, M.A., University Lecturer in Moral Science and late Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

SINCE Auguste Comte declared that Political Economy consisted chiefly of discussions as barren as anything in Scholasticism, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the first number of the *Fortnightly*, reiterated and emphasised his master's charge, economists have become more distinctly conscious of their exact aims and more careful as to the logic of their science than was possible for Ricardo or Adam Smith. The subject has been fully discussed from various sides by Cliffe-Leslie, Mill, Cairnes, Ingram, von Thünen, and a host of other writers; and "the logical method of the sciences of society" has become a stock question in more than one kind of examination. Mr. Keynes's book is an able and lucid review of the whole discussion, and a most excellent contribution both to political economy and applied logic. It exhibits a wide knowledge of economic literature, as well as the clearness which wide knowledge, unfortunately, does not always secure, but which will naturally be expected by those who know the same author's "Formal Logic." He introduces English readers, in passing, to schools of which few of them can know much—not only the historical school of Germany, but the ultra-mathematical school headed by Professor Menger, of Vienna, and the new ethical school of America, whose best-known member is Professor Richard T. Ely. His conclusion is that all methods have their place in economics, though, in the main, we gather that he favours the concrete deductive method formulated by Mill and adopted by the orthodox English economists, which explains observed phenomena by deduction from known laws of human nature. And he insists that economic science, as science, should confine itself to economic phenomena, excluding ethical considerations until the conclusions are applied to practice. There are useful remarks on the alleged occurrence of "experiments made by nature" in social phenomena, on the use of statistics, and on the application of mathematical methods. In short, the book is sound orthodox logic, and equally orthodox English economics. The simplest way to have written it would, of course, have been to fill several large volumes with masses of detail on biography, bibliography, economic history, the relation of the writers to their ages, and all the apparatus of German *Gründlichkeit*. Mr. Keynes spares us all this (which anyone who wants it can easily get), and yet is as thorough and comprehensive as the most learned of Germans, while he is far less pretentious, and infinitely more lucid and concise.

A HISTORY OF CANADA.

HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By the Rev. William Parr Greswell, M.A. Under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute. Oxford and London: The Clarendon Press.

THIS volume is issued "under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute," and in the preface it is stated that "it has been supervised throughout by members of the Educational Committee of the Council of the Institute—a body which represents a membership of 3,564 Fellows, 2,259 of whom reside in the Colonies." Mr. Greswell has had no lack of materials to draw upon, judging from the authorities he quotes; and the supervision alluded to should have added very much to the value and thoroughness of the work. It must be confessed, however, that its contents do not altogether realise the anticipations thus raised. A not inconsiderable part of the information it contains has little bearing upon the history of Canada. Mr. Greswell is evidently personally acquainted with South Africa, although, apparently, not with Canada, and this may account for the numerous references to the former country, which seem often strangely out of place. The volume suffers from being badly arranged, and from occasional looseness of description; and the utility of a number of appendices in a work intended chiefly for school purposes is rather doubtful. Hardly sufficient attention is paid, it seems to us, to some of the more important events which have happened since Canada became a British possession. The circumstances under which the French-Canadians secured the recognition of their language, their laws, and religion, are but lightly touched upon; and the difficulties that led to the Union of 1840, and the subsequent wider Confederation, are also only imperfectly described. All these things have had a most important bearing upon the development of the Province of Quebec, and the peculiar and powerful position it occupies to-day in the Dominion. It cannot be said, either, that the Constitution of Canada under the British North America Act, 1867, and amending Acts, is given with that accuracy which its importance renders desirable; and there are not only a few noteworthy omissions in the volume, but some statements certainly open to the charge of being of doubtful accuracy. The period since Confederation has received but scant attention. In these twenty-four years numerous important events, worthy of notice, have happened concerning the Dominion as a whole, and bearing also upon the relations of the Provinces to the Federal Government; and, besides, the progress of the country has been remarkable in many ways. The development of free education passes almost unnoticed, and the settlement of many social and political problems that still engage attention at home is almost entirely ignored. Little or nothing is said either of the working of the Constitution

and of the difficulties that have been experienced and overcome, or of the merits of the disputes that have arisen with the United States with regard to the fisheries, trade, and boundaries, and the attempts that have been made to dispose of some of them. Surely an event like the Conference at Washington in 1887-8 is deserving of notice? An even more remarkable omission is the absence of any allusion to the wonderful growth of the trade of Canada in recent years, both internal and external, and to the circumstances that led up to the adoption of the "National Policy." Again, the supposed sentiment in favour of Commercial Union with the United States is deserving of mention, although it has now been dropped in favour of "Unrestricted Reciprocity" (whatever that may mean), owing to the discovery that it might—some say must—lead to political annexation. Then there are other questions that have been causing discussion in Quebec and in the other Provinces, such as the Jesuits' Estates Act, the influx of French-Canadians into Ontario, the separate-school system, the use of the French language officially in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, the entry of Newfoundland into the Confederation, and the attempts made by the Canadian Government to open up closer commercial relations with the Australian Colonies, to which some reference might have been made. Prince Edward Island is hardly thought worthy of attention at all, although the history of the land question, so long a bone of contention there, as it has been in Ireland, and the compulsory buying out of the landlords sixteen years ago, by which peace and prosperity have been restored, would be profitable reading at the present time.

There is much in the volume to commend, and much that deserves favourable mention; but, upon the whole, it is somewhat disappointing.

THE SOUNDS OF OLD ENGLISH.

SYNOPSIS OF OLD ENGLISH PHONOLOGY. By A. L. Mayhew. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1891.

THIS is a most valuable little book. We hesitate to call it interesting because such an epithet is, as a rule, applied only to works which appeal to the "general reader," while Mr. Mayhew writes for specialists, and packs the nutrition which he offers to the mind into a species of pemmican, needing a strong digestion to tackle it. But for the real students of language, whose number is constantly on the increase, Mr. Mayhew's book is nothing less than fascinating, and the "synopsis," tables, and lists of sounds, which look so dry and dead to the uninitiated, are instinct with life.

The author is extremely modest. He says, "There is nothing original in this book. The aim of the writer has been to present in a compact, handy, tabulated form some of what appear to be the assured results of the recent researches of scholars in England and Germany." The science here called Phonology is in Germany known as *Lautehre*, so new a word that it does not occur in excellent German dictionaries. It is, as Mr. Mayhew explains, "A systematic account of the sounds of a language as represented by written symbols or letters." If we can trace the sound of letters and syllables in many cognate dialects, and find that those which look very different to the eye are in fact the same sound, it is plain that much help may be found for the derivation of words and for their history, along with and often correcting hasty deductions from a misapplication of other laws.

We take, for instance, the words *seolfor* in West Saxon, *silver*, Gothic *silubr*, Old High German *silabar*. *Mælc*, milk, Gothic *miluks*, Old Saxon *miluk*. *Seolk*, silk, Icelandic *silki*. *Weoduwe*, widow, Old High German *wituea*, Gothic *widuwo*. After reading these we are quite prepared to accept the fact that *eo=io*, the *u*-umlaut of German *i*, and see that the first word quoted has nothing whatever to do with "sulphur," like which it looks. The comparison of cognate forms teaches the history of sound and the derivation of words. That things are not what they seem is one of the earliest lessons we have to learn in the study of language. Mr. Skeat points out in the preface to his dictionary that even "Grimm's Law," so much talked of, "is little understood, and that many scholars are entirely at a loss to understand why the English *cure* has no connection with the Latin *cura*, nor the English *whole* with the Greek *ὅλος*, nor the French *charité* with the Greek *χάρις*." We may add nor the English *call* with the Greek *καλέω*, perhaps the most obvious and the most persistent misunderstanding of all. Mr. Skeat goes on to say, "Yet for the understanding of these things nothing more is needed than a knowledge of the relative values of the English, Latin, and Greek alphabets." Mr. Mayhew would join issue, and would tell us that a knowledge of the sound of the letters is also necessary. "That some treatise like the present work is needed, we may, I think, rightly infer from an equation I have just met with in a book written by a distinguished English scholar. The English word *deer* (we are told) = Greek *έφρ*. That this equation is utterly impossible is, of course, proved both by the vocalism of the Old English form *dēor*, and by the consonantism of its Gothic equivalent *duis*. It is not too much to say that popular etymological dictionaries of the English language swarm with such impossible equations. Never mind, the day of *Lautehre* is coming!"

This book will do much to aid the dawn. It is complete, and shows infinite pains; is handy, and admirably printed.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE group of dainty but diminutive volumes which the publisher, Mr. David Stott, has called after himself, has just received a welcome accession in the shape of "Religio Medici, and other Essays," by that scholarly cavalier and imaginative mystic, Sir Thomas Browne. This new issue of a classic book is edited, with a biographical introduction, by Dr. Lloyd Roberts, who dedicated the edition to the President of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir Andrew Clark. It was in the year which witnessed the outbreak of the Civil War that Sir Thomas Browne's book was first printed, much to his own annoyance. It was written, according to his own account, for his "private exercise and satisfaction"; in fact, it was the fruit of "leisureable hours," and the author's "intention was not publick." A manuscript copy of the work found its way through an admiring, but not authorised, hand into the iron jaws of the printing-press, and the result was that in 1642 two surreptitious editions were printed, so that Dr. Browne in the following year—he was knighted by Charles II. in 1671—was obliged in self-defence to publish an edition of his own. The fame of the "Religio Medici," Dr. Lloyd Roberts reminds us, spread rapidly through Europe; it was translated into Latin, Dutch, French, and German, and the Holy See paid the book an undesigned compliment by placing its name in the Index Expurgatorius. Lord Jeffery described the "Religio Medici" as one of the most beautiful prose poems in the language, and amongst those who have fallen more or less under the spell of Sir Thomas Browne's deeply spiritual philosophy are Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Lowell. After the publication of the first revised edition in 1643, Sir Thomas Browne appears to have taken little trouble, according to Dr. Lloyd Roberts, to secure an absolutely correct text, and as a matter of fact both alterations and errors crept into the book. For this reason the text of 1643 has been followed in this reprint, and this circumstance of course renders the little volume all the more acceptable to students of the classic prose of the seventeenth century.

It is possible to say a good word for "Sketches in Prose," though not for the "Occasional Verses" by which they are accompanied. There is both humour and pathos in Mr. Riley's short stories; they are concerned for the most part with phases of life which are common enough on the other side of the Atlantic, and they reflect with fidelity and skill much that is typical in the life of the people. There is almost a photographic sharpness about some of these pen-and-ink portraits, and quite one of the best short stories is about a brave little shoe black called "Jamesy." Another noteworthy sketch written in another mood bears the odd title "An Adjustable Lunatic," and justifies it. With the exception of the verses, which we have already banned, there is hardly a sketch in the book which is not worth reading, and they are all racy of the soil.

"The Story of Africa and its Explorers" promises to be a fascinating as well as an important work. Messrs. Cassell and Company intend to publish it in monthly parts, and if the promise of the opening number is maintained, the success of the venture seems assured. Dr. Robert Brown has himself traversed various regions of Africa, and the literary interest of the record is not likely to suffer in his hands, especially as it is announced—somewhat vaguely, perhaps—that he is to be "assisted by eminent African travellers." We are promised that no aspect of African discovery and colonisation will be overlooked, and not merely the characteristics of the scenery and the native races will be described, but also the flora and fauna of the Dark Continent. All the illustrations, it is stated, will be new, and a large proportion of them will be reproduced from photographs, taken by travellers and missionaries. Both the full-page and text pictures in the opening part are thoroughly artistic, whilst the coloured map showing European possessions and the routes of celebrated explorers is admirable.

There is truth in the assertion that fifty years ago English tourists had scarcely heard of the Grisons and the beautiful valleys that lie amongst its mountains, but now the Engadine

has grown famous, and Davos has become familiar as a health resort. Even yet the majority of the visitors from this country to that part of Switzerland know little of the history of the district, or how life fared in those remote valleys when the world was a couple of centuries younger, and a good deal less sophisticated. Frequent visits to the Engadine has led the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache to study the history of the Grisons in Herr Sprecher's books, and from his picturesque descriptions—which were based, however, on public archives and family papers—she has borrowed a few incidents which bring vividly before the reader of the modest compilation the life of a primitive and sequestered race.

"A Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat of Treves" is a title which explains itself. Treves, we are reminded on the opening page, was once the second city of the Roman Empire and the metropolis of Central Europe. It was a place where Paganism and Christianity met in fierce conflict, and many martyrs laid down their lives there, as far back as the persecution under Diocletian. Jerome and Athanasius are amongst the great leaders of the Church who once dwelt in the city, and Helena, according to tradition, founded and endowed the cathedral. The point of view from which this book is written is that of unquestioning faith. Father Clarke has persuaded himself that there is "positive historical evidence that the Holy Coat at Treves is really that which was given to the Cathedral by St. Helena," though he is candid enough to admit that there is not a "vestige of satisfactory evidence" to show where the Seamless Robe was preserved during the first three centuries after the Crucifixion. He gives an extremely interesting account of the month which he spent at Treves last autumn—a month that was rendered memorable to all devout Catholics by the exhibition of the relic. He expressly states that the homage of the pilgrims was not really paid to the material garment, and he gives an impressive description of their demeanour during the solemnities. During the last Sunday on which the relic was exposed, no less than seventy-four thousand persons are reported to have passed before the shrine.

The aim of "The Metropolitan Year-Book" is to bring into sharp focus the chief aspects of the local government, the commerce, the religious and philanthropic activity, and the educational and social work of London. Stress is wisely laid in this new issue of a manual which is at once concise and comprehensive, on the constitution, powers, and duties of the London County Council, and a great deal of fresh light is cast on the working of the Poor Law in the metropolis, the progress of the School Board, and the reforms which have been effected in one department or another of the public service within the area of greater London. It is plain that no labour has been spared to bring the facts and statistics which are contained in this accurate and able book thoroughly up to date, and we know of no work of similar price and compass which can at all compare in extent of range and fulness of detail with this admirable handbook.

That useful little book of reference, "The Year's Art," has escaped the perils of childhood and entered on its teens. We congratulate Mr. Huish on the fact, but, at the same time, we are not at all surprised at the success which has attended his efforts, for every year the manual grows more explicit in its information concerning all that relates to art in the capital, the counties, and the colonies. Amongst the special features of the new volume to which attention should be drawn, even in a brief notice like the present, are the list of the pictures purchased under the Chantrey Bequest since its foundation; the valuable article on copyright in America, so far as it concerns paintings, drawings, statuary, and designs; and the rules and regulations of the Department of Fine Arts of the Exhibition to be held in Chicago from May to October in the present year. State aid to art, art teaching at the public schools, the art sales of 1891, and the legal decisions of the year which affect painters, sculptors, and dealers, are amongst the special subjects which are passed in review. There is the usual "Directory of Artists," and portraits are given of the members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. A capital likeness of Sir J. D. Linton forms the frontispiece to this well-arranged and reliable compilation.

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* RELIGIO MEDICI, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Sir Thomas Browne. Edited, with an Introduction, by D. Lloyd Roberts, M.D. Portrait. The Stott Library. London: David Stott. 32mo. (3s.)

SKETCHES IN PROSE AND OCCASIONAL VERSES. By James Whitcombe Riley. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. London: Gay & Bird.

THE STORY OF AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS. By Dr. Robert Brown, M.A., F.R.G.S., etc. Numerous Original Illustrations. Part I. London, Paris & Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Royal 8vo. (7d.)

GRISONS INCIDENTS IN OLDEN TIMES. By Beatrix L. Tollemache. London: Percival & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES. With an Account of its History and Authenticity. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. Illustrated. London & New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Crown 8vo.

THE METROPOLITAN YEAR-BOOK, 1892. London, Paris & Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo., paper cover (1s.); cloth (2s.).

THE YEAR'S ART, 1892. A Concise Epitome of all matters relating to the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. Compiled by Marcus B. Huish, LL.B. Illustrated. London: J. S. Virtue & Co. Crown 8vo.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE preliminary arrangement of the public business is a practical illustration of LORD SALISBURY'S candid avowal that the great aim of a Minister is to catch votes. The Irish Local Government Bill will be hung up for an indefinite period, because it is a measure which does the Government more harm than good. The Irish Education Bill is another plague; but it has to be taken in hand because a certain sum of money has been allocated. The Small Holdings Bill will be pushed on with exemplary vigour, because something must be done to retrieve the position of the Government in the counties. Of the District Councils Bill nothing substantial is likely to be seen, because the extension of local government anywhere is distasteful to the Tories; and LORD SALISBURY says District Councils will increase rates. Rates are to be taken off elementary schools, because any shifting of burdens from churchmen and landlords to the general taxpayer is agreeable to LORD SALISBURY'S supporters. The rest of the measures in the Queen's Speech must take their chance. They have little or nothing to do with the exquisite adjustment of principle and interest which distinguishes a Unionist Ministry.

MR. BALFOUR'S warmest admirers must admit that he did not shine in his first speech as leader of the House of Commons. Manifestly taken by surprise, he performed the irksome task of defending LORD SALISBURY'S most flagrant blunders with conspicuous lack of spirit, logic, and even coherence. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT was quite justified in asking where was the consistency between the Prime Minister's calculated slanders on Irish Catholics and the proposal to endow with large powers of local government "the majority which contains all that is backward, all that is unprogressive, all that is contrary to enlightenment and civilisation in Ireland." Already furious over the Exeter speech, the Tories listened with sullen dejection while MR. BALFOUR tried to make out that LORD SALISBURY never meant to stamp all Irish Catholics as barbarians and all Irish Protestants as "enlightened, civilised, and progressive," or to single out Irish Catholic Archbishops as "the enemies of English influence and English power," or to maintain, what every schoolboy knows to be false, that the Catholic Irish fought against us in our wars with Spain, France, and America. In 1885, when LORD SALISBURY had the Irish vote, he was respectful to the Catholics, and even sympathetic; in 1892, when the Irish vote is lost to him, he distorts history, disgraces religion, and reduces Tory statesmanship below the level of an ASHMEAD BARTLETT.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN made his first appearance as deputy leader of the Liberal Unionists on Thursday evening. His speech was a laboured piece of clap-trap, well calculated to draw the cheers of the Tories, but without a single feature of real value or weight. It abounded in the misrepresentations without which the oratory of the member for West Birmingham would be a matter of such small moment. For example, MR. CHAMBERLAIN stated quite untruthfully that MR. SCHNADHORST had informed the Liberal leaders that he could not calculate on a

Liberal majority at the next General Election. Next ~~it~~ stated, with equal untruthfulness, that MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY had insisted upon the immediate evacuation of Egypt, the fact being, as MR. MORLEY showed in his rejoinder to MR. CHAMBERLAIN, that they had only repeated in 1891 the language used by MR. CHAMBERLAIN himself in 1884. But perhaps the crowning absurdity of a foolish and insincere speech was the attempt on the part of the speaker to vindicate LORD SALISBURY from the charge of having made a gross partisan attack upon the Roman Catholics by referring to the polemical writings of MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY. Even the dullest of the squires whose ears MR. CHAMBERLAIN was so laboriously striving to tickle must have felt that the Birmingham politician had in this instance missed his way.

NOTHING was said about Rossendale at the Devonshire House meeting, but SIR HENRY JAMES tackled the dolorous theme at Bury. It has a peculiar interest for him, because there is no reason to suppose that, after Rossendale has repudiated the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, Bury will betray a desperate attachment to the minor virtues of SIR HENRY JAMES. SIR HENRY has, however, other ideas of his relative importance, for he says that had the battle been fought at Bury he would have won it. He also thinks that the Unionists lose seats because they are generally the defending party, and that they will carry everything before them when they are the assailants. As a form of consolation this is original, if not convincing. It does not convince the *Times*, which, misled by a spurious dictum of MR. SCHNADHORST'S, states that the Liberals will have a majority of thirty in the next Parliament, including the Nationalist vote. The assertion is fallacious, but it shows a dawning perception of the truth which SIR HENRY JAMES fancies he has concealed from the electors of Bury.

SUNDAY last, the 7th inst., was an important day in the Argentine Republic, and one which has been looked forward to for some time with considerable apprehension. On that day the election took place of members for the National Chamber of Deputies (of whom one-half retire every second year) and also of one-third of the senators. Owing to the intense political excitement now prevailing throughout the Republic, serious disturbances were feared, if not revolution. Fortunately, however, the event has passed off with comparative quietness, although there has evidently been some rioting in the streets of Buenos Ayres, and some fighting.

THE results of the elections throughout the Republic are reported to have been favourable to the party supporting the agreement between GENERALS MITRE and ROCA, under which an arrangement has been made that on March 5th next will be held a convention of the allied "Moderates," for the purpose of nominating a President and Vice-President, to be supported by the combined parties. The next event of importance will be the election of members of the Electoral College, which will take place early in April next. It will then be known almost with certainty who will be the next President of the Republic. Doubtless, when the political anxiety and uncertainty

are removed, commerce and finance will improve in the Republic.

MR. SPURGEON'S funeral has been the occasion of a demonstration which has afforded remarkable proof of the hold he had gained upon the mass of the Protestants of Great Britain. There has, of course, been an entire absence of the courtly ceremonial and high ecclesiastical ritual which respectively marked the funerals of the DUKE OF CLARENCE and CARDINAL MANNING. He has been buried with the simplest rites—almost, indeed, with an absence of all rites. But on Tuesday some sixty thousand persons made a reverent pilgrimage to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where his coffin was lying in front of the pulpit; on Wednesday that vast building was filled with four different bodies of mourners, worshipping around their dead; and on Thursday even the unequalled experience of London in such things was outdone by the demonstration of popular respect and grief which attended the actual interment in Norwood Cemetery. There has been a strange completeness and fitness in the rounding-off of the great London preacher's career in "the city of his love" which must have touched all who are capable of taking a detached view of an incident of contemporary history.

THE British mercantile marine is still far ahead of all its competitors in tonnage and excellence, if not in the profitable character of its operations. The interesting presidential address of MR. MILLBURN at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping on Wednesday indicated that, doubtless owing to the recent immense improvements in steamship construction, building is proceeding somewhat too rapidly for the good of the shipowners—though not for that of the public. MR. PLIMSOLL'S recent evidence before the Labour Commission was treated with excusable severity. It seems to have consisted largely of rhetorical statement and repetition of charges already withdrawn by the author. This is hardly the way to forward a good cause.

A SELECT COMMITTEE is promised to consider the extension of coast telegraphic communication. That much may be done in this direction simply by putting pressure on the Post Office is clear from the articles published in the *Times* this week. But there are obvious difficulties, some of which were pointed out by SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at the dinner which ended the proceedings of the Chamber. The lighthouse-men are busy enough without signalling vessels—especially as they would soon be expected or induced to do so for commercial purposes. A lighthouse which could give warning of the approach of a hostile cruiser would be disabled by that cruiser (occupation of it being probably impossible) without more ado. And it will take all the resources of science and seamanship to devise a cable which shall enter a lightship without fouling the moorings at every tide and breaking altogether after a few heavy gales. MR. EDISON, we believe, can telegraph without a wire; but even his ingenuity will hardly avail to do so through the complex tidal currents, sometimes running eight or ten knots an hour, which surround many lightships.

LONDON, as we write, is on the verge of a coal famine. The refusal of the coal-porters of one large firm—MESSRS. F. B. CAMERON & CO.—to work with a non-Unionist foreman, and a dispute (which seems trivial enough) about the weighing of empty coal-sacks, has led to an attempt by the Masters' Association to boycott Union workmen and to the general calling out of the men by the Coal Porters' Union. Some eight thousand men are now out, and their numbers, as we write, are being rapidly reinforced by the men engaged in the sea-borne trade. The

strike is the work of the organisers on both sides rather than of the masters or the men as a body, and on both sides there seems a good deal of disinclination to keep up the quarrel. An ingenious argument has been made use of by MR. LOCKET, the secretary of the masters' association, in his letter to the *Times* of Thursday—that the coal merchants are under stringent legal obligations as to weighing the coal delivered to their customers, and that, if they are hampered by the Union in engaging or discharging their men, they may speedily get into trouble with the County Council. They insist, therefore, on liberty to employ non-Unionists as well as Unionists. But there can be little doubt that the strike was provoked by an attempt to crush the Union; and that is an attempt which we cannot regard either as advisable at all or as well-timed.

THERE has been very little change in the money market during the week. The directors of the Bank of England have not altered their rate of discount, and the outside market is but little firmer than it was. The rate of discount is 2 per cent.; and at the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning and ended last evening, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all they required at from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to 3 per cent., the more usual rates being from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The price of silver fell on Tuesday to $41\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz., which is fully $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. below the lowest quotation of any year before the present. As a matter of course there has been a corresponding fall in all silver securities, and the fall has increased the difficulties throughout Lancashire. Previously cotton was cheaper than it had been for half a century, the fall inflicting heavy losses not only upon planters in the Southern States, but upon merchants and manufacturers who had purchased at higher prices, as well as upon exporters who still had large quantities of unsold goods. The fall in silver increases those difficulties, inasmuch as it is tantamount to a heavy fall in the prices of cotton goods in all silver-using countries. There are serious fears, therefore, of commercial failures throughout Lancashire, and in the Southern States the whole cotton-growing districts are very seriously affected.

THE Stock Markets have fluctuated very wildly and very widely throughout the week, the fluctuations being most rapid and confusing in the American department. A syndicate of great American capitalists, headed by the MESSRS. VANDERBILT and DREXEL MORGAN, has got control of the Philadelphia and Reading, the Central of New Jersey, and the Lehigh Valley Railroads, and practically the former is about to work the two latter. The syndicate and its connections already control the two other great coal-carrying railroads. Thus the syndicate has got control of the lines that serve the great anthracite coal districts of Pennsylvania, and it has also control of the greater part of the coal-field itself. In short, it is thus master of the anthracite coal trade of the United States. When this became known, a wild speculation sprang up in Philadelphia and Reading securities, especially the shares, that line benefiting more than all others from the amalgamation, as it owns one-third of the coal-field. But here in London, distrust, commercial difficulties, and disbelief in the amalgamation, all combined to continue the selling of previous weeks. Accordingly, while American operators were buying on a large scale, certain prices have been run up in an almost unprecedented way. Then European selling has every now and then forced down prices almost as rapidly. Home Railway stocks are likewise depressed through the unfavourable outlook in trade, and the international market, already tried by the Russian famine, the insolvency of Portugal, the crises in Spain and Italy, and the breakdown in South America, is now troubled by a heavy fall in Greek Bonds.

THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

PARLIAMENT has met this year under circumstances which may fairly be described as unique. Of the four men who led the respective parties into which the House of Commons was divided twelve months ago, not one was present when the Speaker took the chair last Tuesday. Two have been removed by the hand of death, one has met his fate in the shape of accession to a dukedom, whilst the last and greatest is happily gathering strength for the approaching conflict in a better climate than that with which London is blessed. But not even changes such as these can affect materially the everyday life of such a body as the House of Commons, and Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt faced each other on Tuesday afternoon as though they were the first men who had ever sat in the seats they then occupied. Yet even the calm imperturbability of the new First Lord of the Treasury could not enable him to disguise the fact that he represented a Ministry which is about to die. The dulness with which the debate on the Address opened was disappointing to some ardent spirits on the Liberal benches. They ought to have seen in that very dulness a certain omen of their own approaching victory. Ministers know as well as anybody else that they are beaten men, that the days of their reign are numbered, and that already the sceptre is passing into the keeping of their opponents. When we see the *Times*, by way of giving some comfort to the stricken herd sitting behind Mr. Balfour, publishing a wholly unvarnished statement that Mr. Schnadhorst does not estimate the Liberal majority in the next Parliament at a higher figure than thirty, we can measure to some extent the depth of depression to which the Ministerialists have fallen. It would be absurd to expect men who are thus engaged in calculating the extent of the defeat which awaits them, to show much spirit in the wordy warfare of the House of Commons. Nor was there anything to exhilarate them in the programme for the Session which was set forth in the Queen's Speech. It is a programme in which Ireland again holds the first place with an Assisted Education Bill and a Local Government Bill. We need hardly say that the people who have the greatest dread of these measures are not those who sit on the Opposition benches. The Tory Protestants and Tory landlords of Ireland quake in their shoes in prospect of Mr. Balfour's promised legislation. As to the other measures mentioned in the Queen's Speech, they may possibly be very mischievous,* they may arouse the most strenuous opposition on the part of the Liberals; but under no conceivable circumstances could they be expected to awaken the enthusiasm of the Tories. Is it wonderful that a deadly dulness prevailed in the House of Commons on Tuesday night?

The truth is that the minds of most men—whether they sit on one side of the House or the other—are occupied with one question, and with one only: When will the dissolution take place? That is the subject which is uppermost wherever politicians now congregate. As to the character of Mr. Balfour's Local Government Bill, or Mr. Jackson's Education Bill, to say nothing of Mr. Goschen's newest scheme for tinkering the currency, nobody seems to feel the slightest curiosity. What everybody does wish to know is whether the solemn farce which is now being played by a body of discredited place-holders is to come to an end at Easter, or at Midsummer, or not until November. Many rumours are, of course, current on this subject. Some maintain that when the Budget has been introduced, and the Ministerial schemes with re-

gard to local government and education in Ireland placed before the country, Lord Salisbury will cut the Gordian knot of his difficulties by means of an April dissolution. Others hold that at all hazards Mr. Balfour will insist upon carrying his Local Government Bill through Parliament before throwing up the sponge. In that case the further question arises of Midsummer or November as the date of the dissolution. Speculations of this kind have an extraordinary fascination for the politician. When he once takes them into his consideration he is apt to lose sight of everything else. The contemplation of the hour at which he must give an account of his stewardship is incompatible with attention to the ordinary duties of his office. It will be well for those who do not actually belong to the body, the date of whose decease is now being so warmly discussed, to keep their minds as free as possible from the perturbing influences of that discussion. The one thing certain with regard to the future is that Ministers will not take their opponents into their confidence as to the date of the General Election. Nor has anybody ever dreamt of extorting from them the truth upon that subject. Constitutionally, it is the Sovereign by whose will a Parliament is dissolved, and there is no precedent for requiring Ministers to tell the House what is the advice which they intend to give to her Majesty concerning that particular step. But we have a right to know whether precedent and Constitutional usage are to be followed by the Government, so far as their interpretation of the Septennial Act is concerned; and the leaders of the Opposition would fail in their duty if they neglected to press this point home to the occupants of the Treasury Bench when the proper moment for doing so arrives.

As a matter of fact, it must be acknowledged that even on this subject the Liberal mind is in a state of profound calm. It is so clearly evident that Ministers are at the end of their tether, that no one can excite himself over the possibility of their being still at the head of affairs twelve months hence. There are some Liberals, indeed, who hold the opinion that the longer Lord Salisbury clings to office the better for his opponents. No doubt there is a measure of truth in this theory; but it is one which leaves out of sight certain important factors in the situation. For one thing it takes no account of the age of the illustrious man whom a majority of his fellow-countrymen are ardently desirous of seeing once more at the head of the State; and yet again it ignores the fact that the harvest is now ripe and only waiting for the Liberal sickle to be thrust in. Other arguments in favour of an early dissolution might be used if necessary. Nor do we in the least anticipate that any harm can be done by frankly showing our hands to our opponents. We are on the contrary convinced that, with the exception of a few needy placemen, they are just as anxious for the dissolution as we are. And even if it were not so, do they not bear "death in their faces?" Was ever a programme presented to the House of Commons on the opening night of a Session more hopeless than that which is set forth in the Queen's Speech? It is, as we have said, a programme far more distasteful to the supporters than to the friends of the Government. It bristles with difficult questions, with occasions for domestic quarrels on the side of the Conservatives, with all the traps and pitfalls which Ministers as a rule are so anxious to avoid. We cannot believe that in these circumstances there is any need for the Liberal party to dissemble its desire for an early dissolution. Ministers themselves must already be on the outlook for the particular fence at which they will "ride for the fall."

A SPECTRAL PARTY.

IT is the habit of ghosts, according to the most veracious chronicles, to revisit the scenes of deeds committed in the flesh, and go through all the circumstances as if they were doing something entirely fresh, original, and substantial. We are reminded of this spectral pantomime by the Liberal Unionist meeting at Devonshire House. Some forty gentlemen who imagine that they are still a party, presided over by a nobleman who thinks he is "neither physically nor politically defunct," gravely went through the show of electing a new leader, and of congratulating him and one another on their past achievements and their glowing future. No doubt these apparitions will continue to haunt Devonshire House from time to time, and perform their sombre and shadowy functions. Heaven forbid that they should elect a new leader on every occasion; but it is certain that they mean to take themselves seriously and substantially even after the General Election, for the Duke of Devonshire remarked, with ghostly persistence, that whatever may be the result of that struggle, "there will still be work for the party to do." Possibly his grace meant that he and his colleagues can, at all events, contribute to the harmless entertainment of mankind by offering an agreeable study to the Society for Psychical Research, and the ghost-hunters of the *Review of Reviews*. If we wanted any decisive proof that a Liberal Unionist is, as Macbeth says, "no such thing," but only a projection of the retina, it would be furnished by the election of Mr. Chamberlain as leader of the spectral party in the House of Commons. First there was the solemn pretence that some other phantom had been suggested for the post. Sir Henry James, said the Duke of Devonshire, was fully qualified for the task of marshalling the Liberal Unionist spectres; but Sir Henry, being a modest ghost, observed that "it would be fantastic and futile to suggest any other name than that of Mr. Chamberlain." There are more fantastic and futile things than are dreamt of in Sir Henry James's philosophy, and one of them is the assumption that Mr. Chamberlain's leadership is a serious political factor. But then came the hero of these blushing honours, who said, truly enough, that "other men could have been found as able as himself to lead the party in the House of Commons." There is a well-known game of shadows, very popular with children, in which the tiny fist of an infant can be made to throw upon the wall a passable counterfeit of a rabbit. But Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to make some statements which would have upset the gravity of any assembly out of the world of spirits. "He could honestly say that he was willing to serve the Unionist cause in any capacity either as subordinate or leader." What a life Sir Henry James, or the blameless Heneage, would have led, if he had been nominated commander of the Liberal Unionist abstractions, with Mr. Chamberlain as subordinate! Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire remembered the day when this same subordinate sneered at him in the House of Commons as "the late leader of the Liberal party." That reminiscence may have contributed a peculiar chill to the sepulchral atmosphere of Devonshire House.

But Mr. Chamberlain had some better jests for the company, who did not appreciate them, because humour is not the strong point of the phantasmal mind. He explained his position in regard to the Established Church. It was an apology for the pledge which the East Worcestershire Tories have wrung from his son. He had in no sense changed his opinions, but he recognised that many Unionists and Conservatives had advanced so far that there were

"few points of policy on which he found himself at variance with them in principle." The Conservatives have advanced to Free Education, but they still lag behind "ransom," and the graduated income-tax, and the opinion that Ireland is governed by a system which is as oppressive as the Austrian rule in Venice or the Russian rule in Poland. They have not overtaken the policy which Mr. Chamberlain laid down at Birmingham in 1887, that there ought to be "some legislative authority in Dublin in accordance with Mr. Gladstone's principles." It might be suspected that Mr. Chamberlain had given up these views, were it not that he described such a procedure as "immoral and impolitic." So he still believes that there ought to be a Parliament in Dublin, surrounded by sufficient safeguards, though he is now Parliamentary leader of a party, and ally of a Government, who reject root and branch the very principle of an Irish Legislature, safeguards or no safeguards. This is what it is to be neither impolitic nor immoral, but only unreal, "fantastic and futile." This is what proves that the Liberal Unionists are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a General Election. There is scarcely a speech of Mr. Chamberlain's during the last five years in which he has not shown that the guarantees he offers to his Whig dupes and his Tory backers are as shifty and fleeting as disembodied visitations. What substance is there in his assurance about the Establishment? "The support of Liberals for the Unionist policy," he says, "had been secured, and could only be retained by proving to them that Liberal Unionists were not recreant from Liberal principles." Mr. Chamberlain holds Disestablishment to be a Liberal principle which must not be abandoned, and while he subordinates it to the interests of the sacred Union by not pressing it, he claims the freedom of talking about it. So Conservatives, to whom the Church is no less precious than the Union, are asked to confide in a politician who propagates Disestablishment when he wants to curry favour with Welsh Non-conformists. Was ever a compact founded on such a patent absurdity? "Go to sleep and dream about the glorious integrity of the Empire," says Mr. Chamberlain to the Tory Churchmen, "while I tell those Disestablishers out there to break your windows." The remnant of Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism may be, for practical purposes, feeble enough, but his perpetual chatter about it irritates his confederates, and acts as a solvent in the Unionist alliance. In Heine's well-known story, the professor who always denies the immortality of the soul appears after death to a friend, and resumes the argument with a complacency which is disturbed only when he bethinks him of the time, and pulls out a handful of worms instead of his watch. Mr. Chamberlain's assertion of his Radicalism is no more real than the professor's posthumous scepticism, and his handful of worms is a sufficient index to the progress of his party. But the Tories, who represent a solid though stagnant element in the country, are not unreasonably weary of this ghostly disputant, with his transparent fictions, which are kept up for the sake of nothing more valuable than the *amour propre* of a politician who has long since been dismissed to the limbo of dead vanities.

"INGRATITUDE" AND THE DUKE.

WE feel no desire to quarrel with the Dissident Liberals for their extravagant eulogies of the Duke of Devonshire. It is perhaps the best proof of their poverty as a party that they should be reduced to the hopeless attempt to convert the former

Member for Rossendale into a popular idol. But as old legends which have long ago been exploded are being revived and new stories invented, all in the Duke's honour, it is just as well that someone should tell the truth about the part which His Grace played in political life at a time when he was a member, not of a small and quickly disappearing Third Party, but of that great Liberal party which he now opposes so vehemently. Two weeks ago we felt it necessary to expose the wanton untruthfulness of the charge that Mr. Gladstone had treated him with "ingratitude." The charge was set forth in the columns of the *Times*, and was duly echoed in Tory evening newspapers and other equally trustworthy organs of opinion. There was, as we showed, not even the semblance of foundation for it. No man, indeed, who is acquainted with the history of the five years between 1875 and 1880 could have penned or credited so absurd a fiction. And yet since then it has been repeated anew, and we are almost invited to regard the Duke of Devonshire as a typical martyr over whose wrongs at the hands of the Liberal leader the hardest hearts must be moved.

We have never in these pages attacked the Duke of Devonshire, and we shall not do so now; but we shall certainly do our best to put an end to misrepresentations which ought to be distasteful to the Duke himself, and which are at any rate most unjust to Mr. Gladstone. And happily our task is an easy one. We have no need to reveal any Cabinet secrets in order to show that Mr. Gladstone is under no obligations whatever to his old colleague. All that we need do is to state certain facts which we are sure the Duke himself will be the last person to deny. Two weeks ago we told the story of Lord Hartington's election to the leadership of the party in the House of Commons in 1875, and showed how ridiculously unfounded was the legend which represented him as having reluctantly accepted that office because his old leader had abandoned it. We omitted to say then that Mr. Gladstone himself was one of those who supported the Duke's candidature, and that without Mr. Gladstone's support and Mr. Forster's self-sacrifice, even the powers of the Caucus would hardly have secured for him the position he coveted so eagerly. But in speaking of the events of 1880, when the Queen invited Lord Hartington to form an Administration, we unwittingly fell short of the truth. Everybody knows that at the General Election in that year it was the name of Mr. Gladstone which carried everything before it. The splendid majority secured by the Liberals was Mr. Gladstone's majority; and when Lord Beaconsfield resigned, the popular voice, without allowing a discordant note to be heard, acclaimed Mr. Gladstone as his only possible successor. Amusement rather than indignation was caused when it was known that the Queen—acting, of course, upon the advice of Lord Beaconsfield, whose furious jealousy of Mr. Gladstone was one of the most notable and least creditable features of his character—had sent for Lord Hartington and asked him to form an Administration. The great mass of Liberals had, however, confidence in his good sense and loyalty, and believed that he would not fail to interpret correctly the sentiment of the party. After an interval Lord Granville was summoned to Windsor; and then, but only then, Mr. Gladstone was sent for and commissioned to form an Administration. Now, was the confidence which men reposed in Lord Hartington's good sense and loyalty deserved, or was it not? What happened during the interval between his interview with the Queen and Lord Granville's? Only this—that Lord Hartington, the man about whose "magnanimity" towards Mr. Gladstone so much

nonsense is now being talked and written, *tried to form an Administration of his own*. In other words, he tried to deprive Mr. Gladstone of the position which friends as well as foes acknowledged to be his and his alone; and it was only when he had made that attempt and failed in it—as he was bound to do, and as he deserved to do—that the Premiership was offered by the Queen to the Member for Mid-Lothian.

What in these circumstances becomes of the "magnanimous stepping-aside" of Lord Hartington in 1880, of which we have heard so much of late? And where ought Mr. Gladstone's "gratitude" to the colleague who tried to take the place which was rightfully his, and his alone, to come in? We have nothing to say about subsequent events. We leave to Lord Hartington's friends the congenial task of reviling the actions of a Cabinet of which they themselves were members: though we confess that we look forward with a certain degree of pleasure to the moment when the truth about the inner history of the Government of 1880 will be made known. All that, however, is beside the present question. It has been wantonly and impudently pretended by those who ought to have known better, that Mr. Gladstone was under some deep personal obligation to Lord Hartington, and that he had consequently been guilty of gross ingratitude when he invited the electors of Rossendale to select a candidate of his own rather than of Lord Hartington's way of thinking as the successor of the latter in the House of Commons. We have shown—and we challenge contradiction—how utterly false is the charge. Indeed, we may go further and say that we have shown that Mr. Gladstone, if he were capable of being moved by mere personal feeling, might well hold that something very different from gratitude was the sentiment justly due from him to his former colleague. What has the latter to say upon the subject? Will he continue to listen unmoved to words of adulation which he knows to be unmerited? Will he leave the myth invented by his obsequious admirers to sink into the minds of the credulous and the ignorant, unmindful of the fact that a day must come when the full truth will be made known; or will he do honour to himself and to the high personal character he has so long enjoyed, by doing justice to the statesman who, throughout his career, has never treated him with unfairness, with disloyalty, or with discourtesy; and who, as he knows full well, has never laid himself open to an accusation of ingratitude? We confess that we shall watch with interest the action which the Duke of Devonshire may think fit to take with regard to this matter.

MR. CLEVELAND'S OTHER RIVAL.

PREPARATIONS are now being made in the United States for holding the National Convention, at which the rival parties will choose their candidates for the Presidency. The State elections during the last two years have given the Federal Parliament a Democratic House of Representatives, and have shown that the American people are in revolt against McKinleyism, just as our bye-elections have proved the growing hostility of the English people to the Unionism of the present Administration. In America, as in England, the hopes of reformers are high. Who the Presidential candidates will be is always shrouded in uncertainty until the National Conventions are held, when the party favourite sometimes gets curiously left behind. Mr. Blaine has just published his usual intimation that he is not a candidate. That was to be expected. It sets people talking,

wondering, speculating, and finally someone may beseech the "plumed knight" and champion Jingo to give the country the honour of electing him. Mr. Blaine's health is bad, but his strength as a subtle, slippery, and mysterious wire-puller is not abated. Whether he receives the party nomination or not, he is the leading fighter on the Republican side, and the man to be reckoned with by the Democrats.

But Mr. Cleveland has another rival—one not less unscrupulous than Blaine—a Judas in his own party who betrayed him in 1888, and is now preparing to crucify him. This man is David B. Hill, late Governor of New York State and United States Senator. Hill has just got his friends to call a "snap" State convention in New York for this month, in order that they may dish Cleveland and nominate himself for the Presidency. Hill is a politician of the lowest type, a "machine"-worker of the greatest ability. He succeeded Cleveland as the Governor of New York in 1885, and very soon became the tool of the political machine of which he is now the "boss." All the worst elements of American politics are personified in Hill. His public acts, to say nothing of his favouritism and corruption, stamp him as a dangerous man to hold a responsible position. He was re-elected to the Governorship for a second term, and during the seven years he held office he was the servant of the liquor party. He vetoed every Bill which hurt the liquor interest, but stood sponsor to a measure drafted by the liquor party. He vetoed every ballot reform Bill passed by the Legislature, but helped to pass a sham measure which allows the party "boss" to cover up the official voting-papers with a "paster" ballot. He has been at the service of rings, contractors, and Tammany Hall. His grand crime was to betray Cleveland at the election of 1888 and make the return of Harriscn possible. As is well known, New York is the pivotal State which decides the Presidential election. In 1888 the curious thing happened that although Hill was re-elected Democratic Governor of the State, the Democratic Presidential candidate failed to carry it. It turned out that Hill had a "deal" with the Republicans, and arranged to sell the Presidency for the Governorship. So both parties now admit. Since then Hill has been insidiously conspiring and wire-pulling against Cleveland. He was elected a United States Senator last year, but held his Governorship until the end of his term last month. His object in going to Washington was to push his candidature for the Presidency; his object in not resigning the Governorship was, as a Democratic paper says, "to steal the State Legislature." His latest action in opposition to Cleveland has been to summon the "snap" State convention three months before the usual time.

If he succeeds in securing the State nomination for the Presidency, he will cut Cleveland out, as a candidate who is not supported by his own State would have no chance at the National Convention. Hill, although a dangerous man, is not a strong one. His popularity is only among the rag-tag of the Democratic party. He is not straight on tariff reform, or on any other question. His chance for the Presidency is hopeless. Still, he is strong enough and mischievous enough to damage Cleveland, and at the present moment Cleveland's greatest opponent seems to be this same Hill.

Hill's attempt to capture New York State by a premature convention is resented by the best men in the Democratic party. A meeting has been held at which three re-Federal Ministers and all the reputable leaders of the party issued a protest against his actions. It is still possible that the intrigues of the ambitious Hill may recoil upon himself. Mean-

while Mr. Cleveland holds aloof from such base actions, and will not be a party to political "machining." He keeps his hands clean when out of office, as he did when in power; he has pursued a dignified course; he has acted as an honest and fearless reformer; he is the right man to lead the Democratic party to victory in November next, and it will be a disastrous thing for America if the machinations of Hill and the operation of political "machines" deprive him of the party nomination.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND LONDON GOVERNMENT.

THE action taken by the Liberal party in connection with the election of the London County Council is eminently wise. It would have been something like a scandal if nothing had been done by the Liberal leaders and the Liberal organisation to assist those who are trying to introduce Liberal principles into the government of the Metropolis. It is quite true that some of the principles which have found favour with the majority of the present County Council do not commend themselves to most Liberals. It is equally true that, taking London as it is, the cause of the Progressist party in the County Council is not altogether a popular one, and that consequently the Liberal party may lose almost as much as it can hope to gain from allying itself with that cause. Yet the broad fact remains that, on the whole, the County Council deserves well of the people of London, and especially well of those among them who profess to be Liberals. No public body has ever encountered greater obloquy and more violent and unscrupulous misrepresentation than the present County Council. People who take their views of public affairs from the *Standard*, the *Times*, or any of the other organs of the Government, would naturally come to the conclusion that the County Council was a body which, if not actually corrupt, was at least hopelessly incompetent. Every possible offence has been attributed to it by the friends of reaction, and the cry against it is raised at once in the name of privilege and in that of economy. Nothing can be more monstrously unfair than the treatment which it has thus received. But there is no mystery as to the reason for that treatment. Every friend of corruption, every friend of misgovernment, every friend of the antiquated and mischievous privileges of the City, naturally takes sides against the County Council. Nor is this all. Its enemies include those great property owners who have amassed enormous wealth, not by virtue of any capacity of their own, but simply because of the growth of London as a city. The case of the London County Council and its enemies is therefore nothing more than the old case of the masses and the classes. It is within the bounds of possibility that in the election which is about to take place the classes will win. The arts of misrepresentation which are now being so freely employed may achieve a success, and the benighted ratepayers of London may forge fetters for themselves in obedience to the instructions of the Duke of Westminster, Earl Wemyss, and the Tory newspapers. If that should unfortunately be the case, we may rest assured that three years of a reactionary County Council will be more than sufficient to bring about the revolt of London, and to secure the removal of most of those privileges which are now so freely employed on behalf of the few at the expense of the many. Our hope, however, is that a different result will attend the election. It is impossible, indeed, to believe that the city

which boasts itself as the greatest known to civilisation, should deliberately turn its back upon the opportunity now offered to it of securing a wise and liberal form of government. For this reason alone we are glad that the Liberal leaders have taken up the cause of the County Council in good earnest. Whether they fail, or whether they succeed, they will have deserved well of the people of London by the part which they are now playing.

Lord Rosebery's letter to the president of the St. George's Liberal and Radical Association has put the case for the retiring County Council in a nutshell. Strenuous attempts have been made to prove that Lord Rosebery had separated himself from the majority of the Council, and no longer approved of their principles and methods of action. These attempts are shown by his letter to be absolutely without foundation in fact. The first president of the County Council does justice to the great qualities it has displayed, bears testimony to its absolute purity—as opposed to the corruption which has pervaded every other governing body within the limits of the Metropolis—shows that it has acted in a liberal and generous spirit in dealing with the social questions of the day, and furnishes conclusive testimony to the real practical ability displayed in the discharge of its multifarious duties. No public body, indeed, could desire a higher testimony to its merits and its efficiency than that which has thus been offered with regard to the County Council by Lord Rosebery. It is to be hoped that the ratepayers who are about to be called upon to exercise their municipal franchise will be able to discriminate between testimony of this kind and the wholesale abuse poured upon the Council by anonymous writers in the press. It is not too much to say that the future of the government of London is now at stake. Great questions have come to the front and must be settled without delay, in the interests either of the few or of the many. The incidence of taxation is, for example, a question in which it might well be supposed that the feeling of the ratepayers would be wholly on one side. The election of a Liberal County Council in succession to that which is about to retire will mean that the ground landlords of London will at last be called upon to bear something like their fair proportion of the burdens entailed upon the Metropolis as a whole. Hitherto they have fattened with impunity upon their fellow-citizens. Henceforth it is to be hoped their easily gotten wealth will at last be made to contribute its proper share to the government of the Metropolis. Nor is this the only probable benefit which must follow the election of a Liberal majority on the new County Council. The water supply of London, which has long been a question of importance, has now become one of something like life and death. What reason is there to suppose that a reactionary Council will take any effective steps to improve the supply of that which is almost the first necessary of life to the people of London? We know how this question has been played with by previous governing bodies of the reactionary type, and we may rest assured that it will never be effectually dealt with until it falls into the hands of a body at least as bold, as vigorous, and as liberal as that which is about to lay down office. We are not among those who advocate any revolutionary extension of the functions of the municipality, though we believe that these functions may be greatly widened without injury to anyone, and not a little to the benefit of the community as a whole. But at least we are entitled to insist that the people of London shall be endowed with the same rights of self-government that are enjoyed by the people of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and other

provincial towns. Nothing less than this ought to satisfy any Metropolitan ratepayer. Yet even as much as this he cannot hope to obtain if the reactionary party should triumph in the coming election. We conceive that there has never been a case in which it was more clearly the duty of Liberals to stand by the party of progress than it is in this County Council election, and we may at least hope that no Liberal ratepayer throughout London will fail to give his support to the Progressist candidates when the time for voting comes.

THE RECORDER AND THE COMMON SERJEANT.

THE Aldermen of London may be congratulated upon their choice of Sir Charles Hall as Recorder of the City. Sir Charles Hall, though leader of the Admiralty Court, is not in the front rank of the legal profession. But even with the handsome salary of four thousand a year, and the eligibility for a seat in Parliament, a lawyer of the first rank was not to be had. Sir Charles Hall is a courtier and a man of the world, with an unblemished character and the art of making himself generally agreeable. He has had a fair amount of civil and criminal practice, he is a Queen's Counsel of ten years' standing, and he is Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales. When the public consider who might have been chosen, they have good reason to rejoice over Sir Charles Hall. Even if he were a far less distinguished person than he is, he would still have the great advantage of not being Sir William Marriott or Sir William Charley. Sir Charles Hall, having represented his country at the Washington International Maritime Conference, and sat in Parliament for the Chesterton division of Cambridgeshire since 1885, will bring to the discharge of his new duties a varied experience and a considerable reputation. Unlike his father, the late Vice-Chancellor, who made his way in the world by his own talents and industry, Sir Charles has been the favourite of fortune and the spoilt child of Marlborough House. His Conservative politics and his princely friendships may perhaps have recommended him to the prosperous Fathers of the City more than his knowledge of criminal and international law. The Local Government Act of 1888 provided that no Recorder of London to be thereafter appointed should perform any judicial functions without the approval of the Crown. The original Bill more properly proposed that this, like all other judicial patronage, should be vested in the Government of the day. But the House of Lords, with its fellow-feeling of threatened institutions, came to the rescue of the City, and this rather clumsy compromise was the result. Sir Charles Hall was elected, subject to the statutory sanction being obtained through the Lord Chancellor. But that is, of course, in the present instance a mere formality. It might have been otherwise. We are loth to believe that even the spirit of partisanship would have induced even Lord Salisbury or Lord Halsbury to entrust the senior member for Brighton with the powers of a Judge. Unhappily, the office now conferred upon Sir Charles Hall has been suffered to fall below what it ought to be, and what in the time of that admirable man the late Mr. Russell Gurney it unquestionably was. If Sir Charles Hall resuscitates it, he will have more than justified the discrimination of the Aldermen.

Meanwhile the serious attention of the civic authorities should be directed to the proceedings of the Common Serjeant. Month after month, week after week, we had almost said day after day, there